



JOSEPH ADDISON Esq^r

From an Original in the Collection of the late E^d Oglethorpe.

W. Kneller del.

Printed for Jⁿ^o. Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London June 11th 1778.

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BELL'S EDITION.
THE POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



ADDISON.
For ever consecrate the day
To music and Saint Cecilia

Monnier del.

Hall sculp.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Aug. 1. 1773.

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THE *Gal 11 26*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
Soft as Corelli, but as Virgil strong:
From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
And Music borrows helps she us'd to give.
Thy style hath match'd what ancient Romans knew,
Thy flowing numbers far excel the new,
Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.

Accept, great Monarch of the British lays!
The tribute-song an humble subject pays:
So tries the artless lark her early flight,
And soars to hail the god of Verse and Light.
Unrival'd as thy merit be thy fame,
And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name.

TICKELL.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS,
Anno 1778.

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POETICAL WORKS

JOSEPH ADDISON

IN THREE VOLUMES



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON.

CONTAINING HIS
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,
&c. &c. &c.

If bus'ness calls, or crowded courts invite,
Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
I met his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove,
His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
There, patient, shew'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die! TICKELL.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS,
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POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOSEPH ADDISON.

CONTAINING
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



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THE LIFE OF
JOSEPH ADDISON.

THIS elegant writer, to whom the world owes so many obligations, was born at Milton, near Ambrosbury, in the county of Wilts, (of which place his father, Mr. Lancelot Addison, was then Rector) on the 6th of May 1672, and being not thought likely to live, was baptized on the same day, as appears from the church register. When he grew up to an age fit for going to school he was put under the care of the Rev. Mr. Naish at Ambrosbury. He afterwards removed to a school at Salisbury, taught by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, thence to the Charter-house, where he was under the tuition of the learned Dr. Ellis, and where he contracted an intimacy with Mr. Steele, afterwards Sir Richard, which continued as long as Mr. Addison lived. He was not above fifteen years old when he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford, in which his father had been placed, where he applied himself so closely to the study of classical learning, that in a very short time he became master of a very elegant Latin style, even before he arrived at that age when ordinary scholars begin to write good English.

In the year 1687 a copy of his verses in that tongue fell into the hands of Dr. Lancaster, Dean of Magdalen College, who was so pleased with them that he immediately procured their Author's election into

that house*, where he took the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. In the course of a few years his Latin poetry was justly admired at both the Universities, and procured him great reputation there, before his name was so much as known in London. When he was in the twenty-second year of his age he published a copy of verses addressed to Mr. Dryden, which soon procured him the notice of some of the poetical judges in that age. The verses are not without their elegance; but if they are much removed above common rhymes, they fall infinitely short of the character Mr. Addison's friends bestowed upon them. Some little space intervening, he sent into the world a translation of the Fourth Georgic of Virgil, of which we need not say any more than that it was commended by Mr. Dryden. He wrote also that discourse on the Georgics prefixed to them by way of preface in Mr. Dryden's translation, and chose to withhold his name from that judicious composition, because it contained an untried strain of criticism, which bore hard upon the old professors of that art, and therefore was not so fit for a young man to take upon himself; and Mr. Dryden, who was above the meanness of fathering any one's work, owns the Essay on the Georgics to have come from a friend, whose name is not mentioned, because he desired to have it concealed.

* Tickell's Preface to Addison's Works.

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The next year Mr. Addison wrote several poems of different kinds, amongst the rest one addressed to Henry Sacheverell, who became afterwards so exceedingly famous. The following year he wrote a poem to King William on one of his campaigns, addressed to the Lord Keeper, Sir John Somers. That excellent statesman received this mark of a young author's attachment with great humanity, admitted Mr. Addison into the number of his friends, and gave him on all occasions distinguishing proofs of a sincere esteem*.

While he was at the University he had been pressingly solicited to enter into holy orders, which he seemed once resolved on, probably in obedience to his father's authority; but being conscious of the importance of the undertaking, and deterred by his extreme modesty, he relinquished, says Mr. Tickell, all views that way; but Sir Richard Steele, in his letter to Mr. Congreve, prefixed to *The Drummer*, who had a quarrel with Tickell on account of an injurious treatment of him, says that those were not the reasons which made Mr. Addison turn his thoughts to the civil world; "and as you were the inducement, (says he) of his becoming acquainted with my Lord Halifax, I doubt not but you remember the warm instances that noble lord made to the head of the college not to insist on Mr. Addison's going into orders; his arguments were founded on the gene-

* Tickell's Preface.

“ral pravity and corruption of men of business who
 “wanted liberal education; and I remember, as if I
 “had read the letter yesterday, that my Lord ended
 “with a compliment, that however he might be re-
 “presented as no friend to the church, he would
 “never do it any other injury than by keeping Mr.
 “Addison out of it.”

Mr. Addison having discovered an inclination to travel, the above-mentioned patron, out of zeal as well to his country as our Author, procured him, from the crown, an annual pension of 300 l. which enabled him to make a tour to Italy the latter-end of 1699. His Latin Poems, dedicated to Mr. Montagu, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, were printed, before his departure, in the *Muse Anglicana*, and were as much esteemed in foreign countries as at home, particularly by that noble wit of France Boileau. It is from Mr. Tickell we learn this circumstance in relation to Boileau, and we shall present it to the reader in his own words. “His country owes it to Mr. Addison that the
 “famous Monsieur Boileau first conceived an opinion
 “of the English genius for poetry, by perusing the
 “present he made him of the *Muse Anglicana*. It has
 “been currently reported that this famous French
 “poet, among the civilities he shewed Mr. Addison
 “on that occasion, affirmed that he would not have
 “written against Perrault had he before seen such
 “excellent pieces by a modern hand. The compli-

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ment he meant was, that these books had given him a very new idea of the English politeness, and that he did not question but there were excellent compositions in the native language of a country which possessed the Roman genius in so eminent a degree." In 1701 Mr. Addison wrote an Epistolary poem from Italy to Lord Halifax, which is much admired as a finished piece in its kind, and indeed some have pronounced it the best of Mr. Addison's performances: it was translated by the Abbot Antonio Mario Salvini, Greek Professor at Florence, into Italian verse, which translation is printed with the original in this edition of Mr. Addison's works. This poem is in the highest esteem in Italy, because there are in it the best-turned compliments on that country that, perhaps, are to be found any where; and the Italians, on account of their familiarity with the objects it describes, must have a higher relish of it. This poem likewise shews his gratitude to Lord Halifax, who had been that year impeached by the Commons in parliament, for procuring exorbitant grants from the crown to his own use; and further charged with cutting down and wasting the timber in his Majesty's forests, and with holding several offices in his Majesty's Exchequer that were inconsistent, and designed as checks upon each other. The Commons had likewise addressed the King to remove him from his councils and presence for ever. These were the causes of his retiring, and Mr. Addison's address at this time was

a noble instance of his fidelity and stedfastness to his friends.

On his return to England he published an account of his Travels, dedicated to Lord Somers: he would have returned earlier than he did, had not he been thought of as a proper person to attend Prince Eugene, who then commanded for the Emperor in Italy, which employment would much have pleased him; but the death of King William intervening caused a cessation of his pension and his hopes.

For a considerable space of time he remained at home; and as his friends were out of the ministry, he had no opportunity to display his abilities, or to meet a competent reward for the honour his works had already done his country. He owed both to an accident. In the year 1704 Lord Treasurer Godolphin happened to complain to the Lord Halifax that the Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim had not been celebrated in verse in the manner it deserved, and told him that he would take it kind if his Lordship, who was the patron of the poets, would name a gentleman capable of writing upon so elevated a subject. Lord Halifax replied, with some quickness, that he was well acquainted with such a person, but that he would not name him; and observed, that he had long seen, with indignation, men of little or no merit maintained in pomp and luxury at the expense of the public, while persons of too much modesty, with

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great abilities, languished in obscurity. The Treasurer answered, very coolly, that he was sorry his Lordship had occasion to make such an observation; but that in the mean-time he would engage his honour that whoever his Lordship should name might venture upon this theme without fear of losing his time. Lord Halifax thereupon named Mr. Addison, but insisted the Treasurer should send to him himself, which he promised. Accordingly he prevailed upon Mr. Boyle, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, to go, in his name, to Mr. Addison, and communicate to him the business, which he did in so obliging a manner, that he readily entered upon the task *. The Lord Treasurer saw the poem before it was finished, when the Author had written no farther than the celebrated simile of the Angel, and was so much pleased with it, that he immediately made him Commissioner of Appeals in the room of Mr. Locke, who was promoted to be one of the Lords Commissioners for Trade, &c.

His poem entitled *The Campaign*, was received with loud and general applause: it is addressed to the Duke of Marlborough, and contains a short view of the military transactions in the year 1704, and a very particular description of the two great actions at Schellemburg and Blenheim.

In 1705 Mr. Addison attended the Lord Halifax to Hanover; and in the succeeding year he was

* *Budgel's Memoirs of the Boyles.*

made choice of for Under Secretary to Sir Charles Hedges, then appointed Secretary of State. In the month of December, in the same year, the Earl of Sunderland, who succeeded Sir Charles in that office, continued Mr. Addison in the post of Under Secretary.

Operas being now much in fashion, many people of distinction and true taste importuned him to make a trial whether sense and sound were really so incompatible as some admirers of the Italian pieces would represent them. He was at last prevailed upon to comply with their request, and composed his *Rosamond*. This piece was inscribed to the Duchess of Marlborough, and met with but indifferent success on the stage. Many looked upon it as not properly an opera; for, considering what numbers of miserable productions had borne that title, they were scarce satisfied that so superior a piece should appear under the same denomination. About this time our Author assisted Sir Richard Steele in a play called *The Tender Husband*, to which he wrote a humorous prologue. Sir Richard, whose gratitude was as warm and ready as his wit, surprised him with a dedication, which may be considered as one of the few monuments of praise not unworthy the great person to whose honour it was raised.

In 1709 he went over to Ireland as Secretary to the Marquis of Wharton, appointed Lord Lieutenant of that kingdom. Her Majesty also was pleased,

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as a mark of her peculiar favour, to augment the salary annexed to the Keeper of the Records in that nation, and bestow it upon him. While he was in Ireland his friend Sir Richard Steele published *The Tatler*, which appeared for the first time on the 12th of April 1709. Mr. Addison (says Tickell) discovered the author by an observation on Virgil he had communicated to him. This discovery led him to afford farther assistance, inasmuch that, as the author of *The Tatler* well expressed it, he fared by this means like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; that is, he was undone by his auxiliary.

The superiority of Mr. Addison's papers in that work is universally admitted; and being more at leisure upon the change of the ministry, he continued assisting in *The Tatler* till 1711, when it was dropt.

No sooner was *The Tatler* laid down, but Sir Richard Steele, in concert with Mr. Addison, formed the plan of *The Spectator*. The first paper appeared on the first of March 1711, and in the course of that great work Mr. Addison furnished all the papers marked with any letters of the *Muse Clío*, and which were generally most admired. Tickell, who had no kindness for Sir Richard Steele, meanly supposes that he marked his paper out of precaution against Sir Richard, which was an ill-natured insinuation; for in the conclusion of *The Spectators* he ac-

knowledges to Mr. Addison all he had a right to; and in his letter to Congreve he declares that Addison's papers were marked by him out of tenderness to his friend, and a warm zeal for his fame. Steele was a generous grateful friend; it therefore ill became Mr. Tickell, in the defence of Mr. Addison's honour, which needed no such stratagem, to depreciate one of his dearest friends, and, at the expense of truth and his reputation, raise the character of his hero. Sir Richard had opposed Mr. Addison in the choice of Mr. Tickell as his Secretary, which it seems he could never forget nor forgive.

In *The Spectators* Sir Roger de Coverley was Mr. Addison's favourite character, and so tender was he of it, that he went to Sir Richard, upon his publishing a *Spectator* in which he made Sir Roger pick up a woman in the Temple cloisters, and would not part with his friend until he promised to meddle with the old knight's character no more. However Mr. Addison, to make sure, and to prevent any absurdities the writers of the subsequent *Spectators* might fall into, resolved to remove that character out of the way, or, as he pleasantly expressed it to an intimate friend, killed Sir Roger, that no body else might murder him. When the old *Spectator* was finished, a new one appeared; but though written by men of wit and genius, it did not succeed, and they were wise enough not to push the attempt too far. Poster-

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rity must have a high idea of the taste and good sense of the British nation, when they are informed that twenty thousand of these papers were sometimes sold in a day *.

The Guardian, a paper of the same tendency, entertained the Town in the years 1713 and 1714, in which Mr. Addison had likewise a very large share: he also wrote two papers in *The Lover*.

In the year 1713 appeared his famous *Cato*. He entered into a design of writing a tragedy on that subject when he was very young, and when he was on his travels he actually wrote four acts of it: however, he retouched it on his return, without any design of bringing it on the stage; but some friends of his imagining it might be of service to the cause of liberty, he was prevailed upon to finish it for the theatre, which he accordingly did. When this play appeared it was received with boundless admiration; and during the representation on the first night, on which its fate depended, it is said that Mr. Addison discovered uncommon timidity; he was agitated between hope and fear, and while he remained retired in the Green-room he kept a person continually going backwards and forwards, from the stage to the place where he was, to inform him how it succeeded, and till the whole was over, and the success confirmed, he never ventured to move.

* Tickell's Preface.

When it was published it was recommended by many copies of verses prefixed to it, amongst which the sincerity of Mr. Steele, and the genius of Eusden, deserve to be distinguished : but as I would not omit any particulars relative to this renowned play, and its great Author, I shall insert a letter of Mr. Pope's to Sir William Trumbal, dated the 30th of April 1713, in which are some circumstances that merit commemoration.

" SIR,

" As to poetical affairs I am content, at present, to
 " be a bare looker-on, and from a practitioner turn an
 " admirer, which, as the world goes, is not very usual.
 " Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his
 " days as he is of Britain in ours; and though all
 " the foolish industry possible had been used to make
 " it thought a party play, yet what the Author once
 " said of another may the most properly in the world
 " be applied to him on this occasion ;

" Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,

" And factions strive who shall applaud him most."

" The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed
 " back by the Tories on the other, while the Author
 " sweated behind the scenes, with concern to find
 " their applause proceeding more from the hand than
 " the head. This was the case, too, with the Prologue writer, who was clapped into a staunch Whig

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" at the end of every two lines. I believe you have
 " heard that, after all the applauses of the opposite
 " faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who
 " played Cato, into the box, between one of the
 " acts, and presented him with fifty guineas, in ac-
 " knowledgment, as he expressed it, for defending
 " the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual Dic-
 " tator. The Whigs are unwilling to be distanced
 " this way, and therefore design a present to the same
 " Cato very speedily; in the mean-time they are get-
 " ting ready as good a sentence as the former on
 " their side; so betwixt them it is probable that Cato
 " (as Dr. Garth expressed it) may have something to
 " live upon after he dies."

Immediately after the publication of this tragedy
 there came abroad a pamphlet, entitled *Observations*
on Cato, written by the ingenious Dr. Sewel. The
 design of this piece was to shew that the applause this
 tragedy met with was founded on merit. It is a very
 accurate and entertaining criticism, and tends to se-
 cure the Poet the hearts of his readers as well as of
 his audience. Our Author was not, however, without
 enemies, amongst whom was Mr. Dennis, who at-
 tacked it first in a pamphlet, and then in a subsequent
 work, in which he employed seven letters in pulling
 it to pieces: in some of his remarks he is candid and
 judicious enough, in others he is trifling and ill-na-
 tured, and I think it is pretty plain he was agitated

by envy; for as the intent of that play was to promote the Whig interest, of which Mr. Dennis was a zealous abettor, he could not therefore disesteem it from party principles. Another gentleman, who called himself a Scholar at Oxford, considered the play in a very different light, and endeavoured to serve his party by turning the cannon upon the enemy. The title of this pamphlet is, Mr. Addison turned Troy: it is written with great spirit and vivacity. Cato was speedily translated into French by Mr. Boyer, but with no spirit: it was translated likewise into Italian.

Voltaire has commended and condemned Mr. Addison by turns, and in respect to Cato, he admires and censures it extravagantly. The principal character he allows superior to any before brought upon the stage, but says that all the love-scenes are absolutely insipid; he might have added unnecessary, as to the plot; and the only reason that can be assigned for the Poet's introducing them was, the prevalence of custom: but it must be acknowledged that his lovers are the most sensible, and address each other in the best language that is to be found in any love-dialogues of the British stage: it will be difficult to find a more striking line, or more picturesque of a lover's passion, than this pathetic exclamation,

A lover does not live by vulgar time.

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our Author and his performance; she was pleased to signify an inclination of having it dedicated to her; but as he intended that compliment to another, it came into the world without any dedication. If, in the subsequent part of his life, his leisure had been greater, we are told he would probably have written another tragedy on the death of Socrates; but the honours accruing from what he had already performed deprived posterity of that production. This subject was still drier, and less susceptible of poetical ornament, than the former; but in the hands of so great a writer there is no doubt but genius would have supplied what was wanting in the real story, and have covered, by shining sentiments and noble language, the simplicity of the plot, and deficiency in business.

Upon the death of the Queen the Lords Justices appointed Mr. Addison their Secretary. This diverted him from the design he had formed of composing an English Dictionary upon the plan of a famous Italian one: that the world has much suffered by this promotion I am ready to believe, and cannot but regret that our language yet wants the assistance of so great a master in fixing its standard, settling its purity, and illustrating its copiousness or elegance.

In 1716 our Author married the Countess of Warwick, and about that time published *The Freeholder*, which is a kind of political Spectator. This work Mr. Addison conducted without any assistance, upon a

plan of his own forming; he did it in consequence of his principles, out of a desire to remove prejudices, and contribute all he could to make his country happy; however, it produced his own promotion in 1717, to be one of the Principal Secretaries of State. His health, which had been before impaired by an asthmatic disorder, suffered exceedingly by an advancement so much to his honour, but attended with such great fatigue. Finding that he was not able to manage so much business as his station led him to, he resigned, and in his leisure hours began a work of a religious nature, upon the Evidence of the Christian religion, which he lived not to finish. He likewise intended a Paraphrase on some of the Psalms of David; but a long and painful relapse broke all his designs, and deprived the world of one of its brightest ornaments, June 17. 1719, when he was entering the 54th year of his age. He died at Holland-house, near Kensington, and left behind him an only daughter by the Countess of Warwick.

After his decease Mr. Tickell, by the authority and direction of the Author, collected and published his Works in four volumes quarto. In this edition there are several pieces as yet unmentioned, which I shall here give account of in order. The first is A Dissertation upon Medals, which, though not published till after his death, was begun in 1702, when he was at Vienna.

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In 1707 there came abroad a pamphlet, under the title of *The Present State of the War, and the Necessity of an Augmentation, considered*. The Whig Examiner came out Septem. 14. 1710, for the first time: there were five papers in all attributed to Mr. Addison; these are by much the tarest things he ever wrote; Dr. Sacheverell, Mr. Prior, and many other persons, are severely treated. The Examiner had done the same thing on the part of the Tories, and the avowed design of this paper was to make reprisals.

In the year 1713 was published a little pamphlet, called *The Late Trial and Conviction of Count Tariff*; it was intended to expose the Tory ministry on the head of the French Commerce Bill: this is also a severe piece.

The following have likewise been ascribed to our Author;

Dissertatio de insignioribus Romanorum Poetis, i. e.
A Dissertation upon the most eminent Roman Poets.
This is supposed to have been written about 1692.

A Discourse on Ancient and Modern Learning: the time when it was written is uncertain, but probably as early as the former. It was preserved amongst the manuscripts of Lord Somers, which, after the death of Sir Joseph Jekyl, being publicly sold, this little piece came to be printed 1739, and was well received. To these we must add the Old Whig, N^o. 1, and 2. pamphlets written in defence of the Peerage Bill. The scope of the bill was this, that in place of

sixteen Peers sitting in parliament as representatives of the peerage of Scotland, there were for the future to be twenty-five hereditary peers, by the junction of nine out of the body of the Scotch nobility to the then sixteen sitting peers; that six English peers should be added, and the peerage then remain fixed, the crown being restrained from making any new lords but upon the extinction of families. This gave a great alarm to the nation, and many papers were wrote with spirit against it, amongst the rest one called *The Plebeian*, now known to have been Sir Richard Steele's. In answer to this came out *The Old Whig*, N^o. I. on the State of the Peerage, with some Remarks on *The Plebeian*. This controversy was carried on between the two friends, Addison and Steele, at first without any knowledge of one another, but before it was ended it appears, from several expressions, that the author of *The Old Whig* was acquainted with his antagonist.

Thus we have gone through the most remarkable passages of the life of this great man, in admiration of whom it is but natural to be an enthusiast, and whose very enemies expressed their dislike with diffidence; nor indeed were his enemies, Mr. Pope excepted, (if it be proper to reckon Mr. Pope Mr. Addison's enemy) in one particular case, of any consequence. It is a true and an old observation, that the greatest men have sometimes failings that, of all other human weaknesses, one would not suspect them to be subject to. It is said of Mr. Addison that he was a slave to

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flattery, that he was jealous, and suspicious in his temper, and, as Pope keenly expresses it,

Bore, like the Turk, no rival near the throne.

That he was jealous of the fame of Pope many have believed, and perhaps not altogether without ground. He preferred Tickell's translation of the First Book of Homer to Pope's. His words are, 'The other has 'more of Homer;' when, at the same time, in a letter to Pope, he strenuously advises him to undertake it, and tells him there is none but he equal to it; which circumstance has made some people conjecture that Addison was himself the author of the translation imputed to Mr. Tickell. Be this as it may, it is unpleasing to dwell upon the failings and quarrels of great men; let us rather draw a veil over all their errors, and only admire their virtues and their genius, of both which the Author, the incidents of whose life we have now been tracing, had a large possession. He added much to the purity of the English style in prose; his rhyme is not so flowing, nervous, or manly, as some of his cotemporaries, but his prose has an original excellence, a smoothness and dignity, peculiar to it. His poetry, as well as sentiments, in Cato, cannot be praised enough.

Mr. Addison was steadfast to his principles, faithful to his friends, a zealous patriot, honourable in public stations, amiable in private life, and as he lived he died, a good man and a pious Christian.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE EARL OF WARWICK, &c.

If, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid,
Blame not her silence, Warwick! but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge! my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires! 5

Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires;
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave! 10
How silent did his old companions tread,
By midnight lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire, 15
The pealing organ and the pausing choir!
The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd,
And the last words that dust to dust convey'd!
While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
Accept these tears, thou dear departed Friend! 20
Oh! gone for ever, take this long adieu,
And sleep in peace next thy lov'd Montagu!

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To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim at thy sacred shrine;
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan, 25
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart;
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue, 30
 My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft' let me range the gloomy aisles alone
 (Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown)
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show 35
 What worthies form the hallow'd mould below:
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held,
 In arms who triumph'd, or in arts excell'd;
 Chiefs grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood; 40
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given;
 And saints, who taught and led the way to heav'n.
 Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
 Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
 Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss convey'd 45
 A fairer spirit or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
 What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?
 A winged Virtue, thro' th' ethereal sky,
 From world to world unweary'd does he fly? 50

Or, curious, trace the long laborious maze
 Of Heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
 Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
 How Michael battled and the Dragon fell?
 Or, mix'd with milder cherubim, to glow 35
 In hymns of love not ill essay'd below?
 Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?
 A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
 Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
 To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius! lend; 60
 When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
 When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
 In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
 And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
 Lead thro' the paths thy virtue trod before, 65
 Till blifs shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye Heav'n's decree,
 Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me)
 In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
 Or rous'd by fancy meets my waking eyes. 70
 If bus'ness calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
 If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
 I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
 If, pensive, to the rural shades I rove, 75
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
 'Twas there of just and good he reason'd strong,
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;

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There, patient, shew'd us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe; 80
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die!

Thou hill! whose brow the antique structures grace,
Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
Why, once so lov'd, whene'er thy bower appears, 85
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy ev'ning breeze! 90
His image thy forsaken bowers restore,
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allay'd,
Thy evening breezes and thy noonday shade.

From other ills, however Fortune frown'd, 95
Some refuge in the Muse's art I found;
Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
Bereft of him who taught me how to sing,
And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
Betray that absence they attempt to mourn. 100
Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
The verse begun to one lost friend prolong,
And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These Works divine, which, on his deathbed laid,
To thee, O Craggs! th' expiring sage convey'd, 106

Great but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give nor thou to claim :
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon ! thy coffin lies. 110
 Bless'd pair ! whose union future bards shall tell
 In future tongues ; each others' boast ! farewell :
 Farewell ! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide. 114

THO. TICKELL.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO MR. DRYDEN.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-TWO.

How long, great Poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetic heat and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote, 5
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possess,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast; 10
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee:
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle 15
In smoother numbers and a clearer style;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original. 20

Now Ovid boasts th' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;

Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
 How thy own laurel first began to grow;
 How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods, 25
 And frighted at himself, ran howling thro' the woods.

O! may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
 Nor age nor sickness interrupt thy song!
 Then may we, wond'ring, read how human limbs
 Have water'd kingdoms and dissolv'd in streams; 30
 Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
 Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold,
 How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
 Have liv'd a second life, and diff'rent natures try'd,
 Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd, reveal
 A nobler change than he himself can tell. 36

Magd. College, Oxon.

June 2. 1693.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL *.

April 3. 1694.

SINCE, dearest Harry! you will needs request
 A short account of all the Muse possesse,
 That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
 Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes,
 Without more preface, writ in formal length, 5
 To speak the undertaker's want of strength,

* Afterwards Dr. Sacheverell.

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I'll try to make their sev'ral beauties known,
And show their verses' worth, tho' not my own.

Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine, 10
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose;
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit;
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain, 15
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barb'rous age;
An age that, yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursu'd 20
Thro' pathless fields and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale that pleas'd of yore
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow, 25
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well pleas'd at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights; }
But when we look too near the shades decay, 30
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

Great Cowley then (a mighty genius!) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought:
His turns too closely on the reader press;
He more had pleas'd us had he pleas'd us less: 35

One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
 With silent wonder, but new wonders rise;
 As in the Milky-way a shining white
 O'erflows the heav'ns with one continued light,
 That not a single star can shew his rays, 40
 Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
 Pardon, great Poet! that I dare to name
 Th' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
 Thy fault is only wit in its excess;
 But wit like thine in any shape will please. 45
 What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
 And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?
 Pindar! whom others, in a labour'd strain,
 And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
 Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight, 50
 And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.

Bless'd man! whose spotless life and charming lays
 Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise;
 Bless'd man! who now shall be for ever known
 In Sprat's successful labours and thy own. 55

But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
 Unfetter'd in majestic numbers, walks:
 No vulgar hero can his Muse engage,
 Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
 See! see! he upward springs, and, tow'ring high, 60
 Spurns the dull province of mortality;

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Shakes Heav'n's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets th' almighty Thunderer in arms!
Whate'er his pen describes I more than see,
Whilst ev'ry verse, array'd in majesty, 65
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!
When great Messiah's outspread banner shines, 70
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sound of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire; 75
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise,
What tongue, what words of rapture, can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness!
Oh! had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen, 80
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men,
His other works might have deserv'd applause;
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, tho' serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight. 85
But now, my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn ev'ry line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse! tune thy verse with art to Waller's praise.

While tender airs and lovely dames inspire 90
 Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire,
 So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
 And Sacharissa's beauty kindle love.
 Thy verse, harmonious Bard! and flatt'ring song,
 Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong;
 Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence, 96
 And compliment the storm that bore him hence!
 Oh, had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
 But seen great Nassau on the British throne,
 How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page, 100
 And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
 What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
 And how had Boyn's wide current reek'd in blood!
 Or if Maria's * charms thou wouldst rehearse
 In smother numbers and a softer verse, 105
 Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
 And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.
 Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
 That makes e'en Rules a noble poetry;
 Rules whose deep sense and heav'nly numbers show
 The best of critics and of poets too. 111
 Nor, Denham! must we e'er forget thy strains
 While Cooper's Hill commands the neighb'ring plains.
 But see where artful Dryden next appears,
 Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years: 115
 Great Dryden next! whose tuneful Muse affords
 The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.

* Queen Mary.

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Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
 She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
 If satire or heroic strains she writes, 120

Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
 From her no harsh unartful numbers fall;
 She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.

How might we fear our English poetry,
 That long has flourish'd, should decay with thee, 125
 Did not the Muses' other hope appear,

Harmonious Congreve! and forbid our fear:
 Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
 Has given already much, and promis'd more:
 Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive, 130
 And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.

I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
 But justice still demands one labour more:

The noble Montagu remains unnam'd,
 For wit, for humour, and for judgment, fam'd: 135
 To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
 In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.

How negligently graceful he unreins
 His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains!
 How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines, 140
 And all the hero in full glory shines!

We see his army set in just array,
 And Boyn's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
 Nor Simois, chok'd with men, and arms, and blood,
 Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood, 145

Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
 Tho' gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their
 But now, to Nassau's secret councils rais'd, [streams:
 He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.

I've done at length ; and now, dear Friend! receive
 The last poor present that my Muse can give. 151
 I leave the arts of poetry and verse
 To them that practise 'em with more success.
 Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell;
 And so at once, dear Friend and Muse! farewell. 155

TO THE RIGHT HON.

SIR JOHN SOMERS,
 LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-FOUR.

If yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
 Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares;
 If yet your time and actions are your own,
 Receive the present of a Muse unknown;
 A Muse that in advent'rous numbers sings 5
 The rout of armies and the fall of kings,
 Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restor'd,
 By Somers' counsels and by Nassau's sword.

To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,
 Who help'd to raise the subject of my song; 10

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To you the hero of my verse reveals
 His great designs, to you in council tells
 His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
 Of towns unform'd and battles yet to come.
 And well could you, in your immortal strains, 15
 Describe his conduct and reward his pains;
 But since the state has all your cares engross'd,
 And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
 Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
 Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights. 20
 On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
 And from your judgment must expect my fate,
 Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
 Degraded envy or misguided love.
 If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays, 25
 Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
 For next to what you write is what you praise. 27

TO THE KING.

WHEN now the bus'ness of the field is o'er,
 The trumpets sleep and cannons cease to roar,
 When ev'ry dismal echo is decay'd,
 And all the thunder of the battle laid,
 Attend, auspicious Prince! and let the Muse 5
 In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.
 Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
 Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;

My Muse, expecting, on the British strand
 Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land : 10
 She oft' has seen thee pressing on the foe,
 When Europe was concern'd in ev'ry blow,
 But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;
 The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her
 She saw the Boyn run thick with human gore, [voice :
 And floating corpse' lie beating on the shore ; 16
 She saw thee climb the banks, but try'd in vain
 To trace her hero thro' the dusty plain,
 When thro' the thick embattled lines he broke,
 Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of
 O that some Muse, renown'd for lofty verse, [smoke.
 In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse ! 22
 Draw thee belov'd in peace and fear'd in wars,
 Inur'd to noonday sweats and midnight cares !
 But still the godlike man, by some hard fate, 25
 Receives the glory of his toils too late ;
 Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds ;
 One age the hero, one the poet, breeds.

A thousand years in full succession ran
 Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and sung the man 30
 Who, driv'n by stress of Fate, such dangers bore
 On stormy seas and a disastrous shore,
 Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
 And gave the empire of the world its birth.

Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce
 Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse ; 36

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Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
 And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
 Before the tow'ring Muse began her flight,
 And drew the hero raging in the fight,
 Engag'd in tented fields and rolling floods,
 Or slaught'ring mortals, or a match for gods.

And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
 Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
 That shall in William's godlike acts engage,
 And with his battles warm a future age.
 Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
 And Boyn be sung when it has ceas'd to flow;
 Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
 And here Senefse shall wear another name.
 Our late posterity, with secret dread,
 Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
 How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
 The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd.

The race of Naffaus was by Heav'n design'd
 To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,
 To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
 And fight in ev'ry injur'd nation's cause,
 The world's great patriots; they for justice call,
 And as they favour kingdoms rise or fall.
 Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
 Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
 Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
 And heard unwarm'd the martial trumpet blow;

But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight 65
 Their swords they brandish, and require the fight,
 Renew their ancient conquests on the main,
 And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
 Fir'd when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
 With Gallic corpse', and Cressi swam in blood, 70
 With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
 Who first shall storm the breach or mount the wall.
 In vain the thronging enemy by force
 Would clear the ramparts and repel their course;
 They break thro' all, for William leads the way 75
 Where fires rage most and loudest engines play.
 Namure's late terrors and destruction show
 What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
 Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
 Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky, 80
 An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
 And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.
 His toils, for no ignoble ends design'd,
 Promote the common welfare of mankind;
 No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears, 85
 The cries of orphans, and the widows' tears:
 Oppress'd Religion gives the first alarms,
 And injur'd Justice sets him in his arms;
 His conquests freedom to the world afford,
 And nations bless the labours of his sword. 90
 Thus when the forming Muse would copy forth
 A perfect pattern of heroic worth,

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65 She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great. 96

70 Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror thro' the haughty East;
Algiers and Tunis, from their sultry shore,
With horror hear the British engines roar; 100
Fain from the neighb'ring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.

75 The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Deny'd the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage; 105
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks werestrow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.

80 Spain's num'rous fleet, that perish'd on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast, 112
The winds could hardly drive 'em to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.

85 Where'er the waves in restless errors roll, 115
The sea lies open now to either pole;
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the Polar Circle spread our sails;
90 Or deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars; 120

Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud Prince! ambitious Louis! cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has ras'd,
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste; 126
Think on the heaps of corpse' and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain and purple flood

Thy arms have made, and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives entrusted to thy care: 130

Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind!

See mighty Nassau thro' the battle ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side!
Fain would the pious prince refuse th' alarm, 135
Fain would he check the fury of his arm,

But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stol'n, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to ev'ry blow, and edge his sword. 140

Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!

Ask Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld

The town surrender'd and the treaty seal'd,
With what amazing strength the forts were won, 145
Whilst the whole pow'r of France stood looking on.

But stop not here: behold where Berkeley stands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;

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Around thy coast his burbling bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling tow'rs; 150
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round 'em where they break;
The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.

Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke, 155
Fills heav'n with ashes and the earth with smoke;
Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly;
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust. 160

Now does the sailor from the neighb'ring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry, 165
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie,
Whilst, pointing to the naked coast, he shows 165
His wondring mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes stood. 170

Here Ruffel's actions should my Muse require,
And would my strength but second my desire, 170
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thund'ring in my verse;
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand,
Like Homer's Hector, when he flung his fire 175
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.

But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
 And count the flames dispers'd on ev'ry shore ?
 Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
 And draw the reader on from sea to sea ? 180
 Else who could Ormond's godlike acts refuse ?
 Ormond ! the theme of ev'ry Oxford Muse.
 Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
 Attend him in the noble chase of fame,
 Thro' all the noise and hurry of the fight 185
 Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.
 Oh ! did our British peers thus court renown,
 And grace the coats their great forefathers won,
 Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
 Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France. 190
 What might not England hope, if such abroad
 Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood ?
 When such, detain'd at home, support our state
 In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
 The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow, 195
 And blast the counsels of the common foe,
 Direct our armies, and distribute right,
 And render our Maria's * loss more light ?
 But stop, my Muse, th' ungrateful sound forbear,
 Maria's name still wounds each British ear ; 200
 Each British heart Maria still does wound,
 And tears burst out unbidden at the sound ;
 Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
 Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.

* Queen Mary, who die !.

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But see, at length, the British ships appear! 205
 Our Nassau comes! and, as his fleet draws near,
 The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
 And all his pompous navy flotes in sight.
 Come, mighty Prince! desir'd of Britain! come;
 May Heav'n's propitious gales attend thee home! 210
 Come, and let longing crowds behold that look
 Which such confusion and amazement strook
 Thro' Gallic hosts; but, oh! let us descry
 Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in the eye;
 Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found, 215
 But for a while forget the trumpet's sound;
 Well pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
 Accept their duty, and enjoy their love:
 For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
 You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight, 220
 Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
 And steeds o'erturn'd lay foaming on the ground;
 So, crown'd with laurels now, where'er you go,
 Around you blooming joys and peaceful blessings
 flow. 224

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

KNELLER! with silence and surprise
 We see Britannia's monarch rise,

A godlike form, by thee display'd
 In all the force of light and shade,
 And, aw'd by thy delusive hand, 5
 As in the Presence-chamber stand.

The magic of thy art calls forth
 His secret soul and hidden worth,
 His probity and mildness shows,
 His care of friends and scorn of foes: 10
 In every stroke, in every line,
 Does some exalted virtue shine,
 And Albion's happiness we trace
 Thro' all the features of his face,

O may I live to hail the day 15
 When the glad nation shall survey
 Their sov'reign thro' his wide command,
 Passing in progress o'er the land!
 Each heart shall bend, and ev'ry voice
 In loud applauding shouts rejoice, 20
 Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
 And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.

The image on the medal placed,
 With its bright round of titles graced,
 And stamp'd on British coins, shall live, 25
 To richest ores the value give,
 Or, wrought within the curious mould,
 Shape and adorn the running gold.
 To bear this form the genial sun
 Has daily, since his course begun, 30

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Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.

5 Thou, Kneller! long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vy'd
With Nature in a gen'rous strife, 33
And touch'd the canvass into life :
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
10 From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd. 40

 Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air :
15 Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd :
There Anna, great as when she sent 45
Her armies thro' the Continent,
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd :
20 O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Tho' Heav'n should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee) 50
The last, the happiest, British king,
Whom thou shalt paint or I shall sing !

25 Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Thro' many a god advanc'd to Jove,
And taught the polish'd rocks to shine 55
With airs and lineaments divine,
Till Greece, amaz'd, and half afraid,
30 Th' assembled deities survey'd.

Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
 And lov'd the spreading oak, was there; 60
 Old Saturn, too, with up-cast eyes
 Beheld his abdicated skies;
 And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
 In adamantinè armour frown'd;
 By him the childless goddess rose, 65
 Minerva, studious to compose
 Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
 And o'er a loom of marble hung:
 Thetis, the troubled ocean's queen,
 Match'd with a mortal, next was seen 70
 Reclining on a fun'ral urn,
 Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn:
 The last was he whose thunder slew
 The Titan race, a rebel crew,
 That from a hundred hills ally'd. 75
 In impious leagues their king defy'd.

This wonder of the sculptor's hand
 Produc'd, his art was at a stand;
 For who would hope new fame to raise,
 Or risk his well-establish'd praise, 80
 That, his high genius to approve,
 Had drawn a George or carv'd a Jove? 81

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To her Royal Highness

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO. NOV. 1714.

THE Muse that oft', with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has gen'rous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,
On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd, 5
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories that our age adorn
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.

No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage and a doubtful throne, 10
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair Princess! in your offspring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age, 15
Each heav'nly daughter's triumph we presage,
Already see th' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.

Thou, too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires, 20
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.

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O England's younger hope! in whom conspire
 The mother's sweetness and the father's fire!
 For thee perhaps, even now, of kingly race, 25
 Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,
 Some Carolina, to Heav'n's dictates true,
 Who, while the sceptred rivals vainly sue,
 Thy inborn worth with conscious eyes shall see,
 And slight th' imperial diadem for thee. 30

Pleas'd with the prospect of successive reigns,
 The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
 Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
 Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd:
 To milder sounds each Muse shall tune the lyre, 35
 And gratitude and faith to kings inspire,
 And filial love; bid impious discord cease,
 And sooth the madding factions into peace;
 Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
 And teach the nation their new monarch's praise, 40
 Describe his awful look and godlike mind,
 And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.

Mean-while, bright Princess! who with graceful ease
 And native majesty are form'd to please,
 Behold those arts with a propitious eye, 45
 That suppliant to their great protectress fly;
 Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
 Improve her manners and refine her rage,
 More noble characters expose to view,
 And draw her finish'd heroines from you. 50

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Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
 Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse :
 The deathless Muse with undiminish'd rays
 Thro' distant time the lovely dame conveys.
 To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung ; 55
 The queen still shines, because the poet sung.
 Ev'n all those graces in your frame combin'd,
 The common fate of mortal charms may find,
 (Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
 The joy and wonder of a single age) 60
 Unless some poet in a lasting song
 To late posterity their fame prolong,
 Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
 And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes. 64

A SONG

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY AT OXFORD.

I.

CECILIA ! whose exalted hymns
 With joy and wonder fill the blest,
 In choirs of warbling seraphims
 Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
 Attend, harmonious Saint ! and see 5
 Thy vocal sons of Harmony ;
 Attend, harmonious Saint ! and hear our pray'rs ;
 Enliven all our earthly airs,
 And as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee :

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Tune ev'ry string and ev'ry tongue; 10
Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

II.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays! 15
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace;
From ev'ry voice the tuneful accents fly;
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base. 20
Cecilia's name thro' all the notes we sing,
The work of ev'ry skilful tongue;
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

III.

For ever consecrate the day 25
To music and Cecilia;
Music! the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heav'n we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love, 30
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The list'ning savages advance, 35

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The wolf and lamb around him trip,
 The bears in awkward measures leap,
 And tigers mingle in the dance :
 The moving woods attended as he play'd,
 And Rhodope was left without a shade. 40

IV.

Music religious heats inspires;
 It wakes the soul and lifts it high,
 And wings it with sublime desires,
 And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
 Th' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue, 45
 And seems well pleas'd and courted with a song.
 Soft moving sounds and heav'nly airs
 Give force to ev'ry word, and recommend our pray'rs.
 When time itself shall be no more,
 And all things in confusion hurl'd, 50
 Music shall then exert its pow'r,
 And sound survive the ruins of the world :
 Then saints and angels shall agree
 In one eternal jubilee ;
 All heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine, 55
 And God himself with pleasure see
 The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
 To music and Cecilia :
 Let no rough winds approach, nor dare 60
 Invade the hallow'd bounds,

Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
 Nor spoil the fleeting sounds;
 Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
 But gladness dwell on ev'ry tongue, 65
 Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
 Keep up the loud harmonious song,
 And imitate the blest'd above
 In joy, and harmony, and love. 69

THE CAMPAIGN, A POEM.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

-----Rheni pacator et Istri.

Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
 Ordinibus; laetatur eques, plauditque senator,
 Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.

Cland. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quae sua impensa, suo labore ac periculo bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquae vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis praestet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint. Liv. Hist. lib. xxxiii.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
 Proud in their number to enrol your name;
 While emperors to you commit their cause,
 And Anna's praises crown the vast applause,
 Accept, great Leader! what the Muse recites, 5
 That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.

Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
 Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
 Shine forth at once ; sieges and storms appear,
 And wars and conquests fill th' important year ; 10
 Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
 An Iliad rising out of one Campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
 His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side ;
 Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdu'd, 15
 And in the midst of his wide empire stood ;
 Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
 Oppos'd their Alps and Appennines in vain,
 Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks immur'd,
 Behind their everlasting hills secur'd ; 20
 The rising Danube its long race began,
 And half its course thro' the new conquests ran ;
 Amaz'd and anxious for her sov'reign's fates,
 Germania trembled thro' a hundred states ;
 Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear ; 25
 He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near ;
 He gaz'd, and, half-abandon'd to despair,
 His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To Britain's Queen the nations turn their eyes ;
 On her resolves the western world relies, 30
 Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
 In Anna's councils and in Churchill's arms.
 Thrice happy Britain ! from the kingdoms rent,
 To sit the guardian of the Continent !

That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high, 35
 And flourishing so near her prince's eye :
 Thy fav'rites grow not up by Fortune's sport,
 Or from the crimes or follies of a court ;
 On the firm basis of desert they rise,
 From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties : 40
 Their sov'reign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,
 Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war ;
 The nation thanks them with a public voice,
 By show'rs of blessings Heav'n approves their choice ;
 Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost, 45
 And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
 Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly :
 Her chief already has his march begun,
 Crossing the provinces himself had won, 50
 Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
 Retards the progress of the moving war ;
 Delightful stream ! had Nature bid her fall
 In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul :
 But now a purchase to the sword she lies, 55
 Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
 Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
 And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows :
 The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts
 That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts, 60
 Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
 The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

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Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
 The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
 Forming the wondrous year within his thought ; 65
 His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
 The long laborious march he first surveys,
 And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
 Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
 Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow : 70
 The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
 And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
 His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues.
 Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat, 75
 The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
 Till on the borders of the Mayne he finds
 Defensive shadows and refreshing winds.
 Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,
 Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold, 80
 Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
 (Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
 Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
 To prize their queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way 85
 Thro' clouds of dust, and gain upon the day :
 When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
 With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
 That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
 The midnight watches and the noonday heats. 90

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,
 (Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass)
 Breathing revenge, whilst anger and disdain
 Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein.
 Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far 95
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
 Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
 Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
 Eugenio to the glorious interview. 100
 Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
 A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
 They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
 Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field, 105
 Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
 Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
 Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood;
 Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
 Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd, 110
 In hours of peace content to be unknown,
 And only in the field of battle shown:
 To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
 Heav'n dares intrust the cause of human-kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms, 115
 Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
 Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
 With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:

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Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight. 120

So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees;
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away 125
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past,
Th' immortal Schellemburg appears at last:
Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like vallies at their feet the trenches lie; 130
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight. 136

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but, oh! what host of foes
Were never to behold that ev'ning close! 140
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way:
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke 145
Thro' flames of sulphur and a night of smoke,

Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage, 155
With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire;
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost, in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom, 155
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!) 160
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse! may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear;
While Marlbrô lives Britannia's stars dispense 165
A friendly light, and shine in innocence:
Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed,
Where'er his friends retire or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight. 170
Forbear, great Man! renown'd in arms! forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety and the world's repose;

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Let nations anxious for thy life abate 175
 This scorn of danger and contempt of fate:
 Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy Queen demands
 Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
 Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
 And Europe's destiny depends on thine. 180

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
 By crowded armies fortify'd in vain.
 The war breaks in; the fierce Bavarians yield,
 And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
 So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides 185
 The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides;
 But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
 Enrag'd by wat'ry moons and warring winds,
 The trembling peasant sees his country round
 Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd. 190

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
 (Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
 In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
 And Marlbrô's form in ev'ry shadow fear,
 Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace 195
 Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresisted force,
 The gay victorious army bends its course.
 The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
 Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields, 200
 (The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
 The food of armies and support of wars:

Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

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Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields, 200
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:

With magazines of death, destructive balls,
 And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
 The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd, 205
 And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy greatness crost,
 And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
 That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
 And made imaginary realms thy own! 210

Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
 Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
 Nor find it there: surrounded with alarms,
 Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms;
 The Gallic arms in safety shall advance, 215
 And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of France,
 While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul
 Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
 Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind, 220
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,
 And make the hero and the man complete.
 Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain
 By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain,
 Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare 225
 His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
 In vengeance rous'd the soldier fills his hand
 With sword and fire, and ravages the land;
 A thousand villages to ashes turns,
 In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns. 230

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To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
 And, mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat;
 Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
 And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake:
 The list'ning soldier fix'd in sorrow stands, 235
 Loath to obey his leader's just commands;
 The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
 To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
 In shriller clangors animates the war, 240
 Confed'rate drums in fuller consort beat,
 And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat.
 Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
 Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
 The daring prince his blasted hopes renews, 245
 And while the thick embattled host he views
 Stretch'd out in deep array and dreadful length,
 His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
 That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain: 250
 States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
 Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
 Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
 And pray'rs in bitterness of soul prefer'd,
 Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd, 255
 And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd:
 The day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
 His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
 'The long-extended squadrons shape their way ! 260
 Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
 An anxious horror to the bravest hearts ;
 Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
 And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
 No vulgar fears can British minds control ; 265
 Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
 O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
 Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.
 'Tho' fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
 That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass, 270
 Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
 When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But, O! my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
 To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
 Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous sound 275
 The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,
 The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
 And all the thunder of the battle rise!
 'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
 That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd, 280
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war ;
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage, 285
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.

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So when an angel, by divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast, 290
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

But see! the haughty Household-troops advance,
 The dread of Europe, and the pride of France:
 The war's whole art each private soldier knows, 295
 And with a gen'ral's love of conquest glows:
 Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
 Laughs at the shaking of the British spear.
 Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
 The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave; 300
 Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
 Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
 Each fights as in his arm th' important day,
 And all the fate of his great monarch, lay:
 A thousand glorious actions, that might claim 305
 Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
 Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
 O Dormer! how can I behold thy fate,
 And not the wonders of thy youth relate? 310
 How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
 Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
 In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
 And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallie squadrons run, 315
 Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
 Thousands of fiery steeds, with wounds transfix'd,
 Floting in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
 'Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
 Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd. 320
 Troops of bold youths, borne on the distant Soane,
 Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
 Or where the Siene her flow'ry fields divides,
 Or where the Loire thro' winding vineyards glides,
 In heaps the rolling billows sweep away, 325
 And into Scythian seas their bloated corpse' convey.
 From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild affright,
 Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
 His waving banners, that so oft' had stood
 Planted in fields of death and streams of blood, 330
 So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
 And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
 Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
 The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! oh! who can name 335
 The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
 That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
 When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd!
 Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
 Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground, 340
 Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
 The chief, the father, and the captive, wept.

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An English Muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
 And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.
 Greatly distress'd! thy loud complaints forbear; 345
 Blame not the turns of Fate and chance of war;
 Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
 The fatal field by such great leaders won;
 The field whence sam'd Eugenio bore away
 Only the second honours of the day. 350

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell,
 The marshes stagnate and the rivers swell.
 Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
 Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd:
 Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains 355
 In painful bondage and inglorious chains:
 Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
 Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
 Their raging king dishonours, to complete
 Marlbrô's great work, and finish the defeat. 360

From Memminghen's high domes and Augsburg's
 The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls; [walls,
 Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
 The rescu'd states his great protection claim;
 Whilst Ulme th' approach of her deliv'rer waits, 365
 And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs;
 In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
 If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
 O'er the wide Continent his march extends; 370

If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,
 Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
 If to the fight his active soul is bent,
 The fate of Europe turns on its event.
 What distant land, what region, can afford 375
 An action worthy his victorious sword?
 Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
 To make the series of his toils complete?

Where the swollen Rhine, rushing with all its force,
 Divides the hostile nations in its course, 380
 While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
 Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
 On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
 That all the wide-extended plain commands;
 Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd 385
 The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
 As oft' whole armies, with a prize o'erjoy'd,
 Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
 Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
 Hence future triumphs from the war expects, 390
 And, tho' the Dog-star had its course begun,
 Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
 Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
 The change of seasons and increase of heats:
 No toils are painful that can danger show, 395
 No climes unlovely that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
 Learns to encamp within his native land,

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But soon as the victorious host he spies,
 From hill to hill, from stream to stream, he flies; 400
 Such dire impressions in his heart remain
 Of Marlbrô's sword and Hockstet's fatal plain.
 In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
 Their shady coverts and obscure retreats;
 They fly the conqueror's approaching fame, 405
 That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
 Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
 Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
 That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends, 410
 Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
 The great supporter of his father's throne.
 What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
 Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man!
 How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd, 415
 To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
 Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
 So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
 And Nireus shone but in the second place; 420
 Thus the great father of almighty Rome
 (Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
 That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
 In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlbrô's presence charm'd, 425
 Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,

On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
 Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
 O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
 And learns to conquer in the hero's fight. 430

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
 Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
 To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
 And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
 Clearing its borders from usurping foes, 435
 And bless'd by rescu'd nations as he goes.

Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms,
 And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,
 Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
 While Marlbrô presses to the bold attack, 440
 Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,
 And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
 Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
 Forgets his thirst of universal sway, 445
 And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
 His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
 Th'ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
 The works of ages sunk in one Campaign,
 And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain. 450

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares :
 By her Britannia, great in foreign wars,
 Ranges thro' nations, wherefoe'er disjoin'd,
 Without the wonted aid of sea and wind :

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By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free, 455
And taste the sweets of English liberty :
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye !
Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall
Like Heav'n's indulgence, and descend on all, 460
Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people bless'd.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse,
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail, 465
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.

When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak ;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise ; 470
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze :
Marlbrô's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light ;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most. 476

LETTERA SCRITTA D' ITALIA,

AL MOLTO ONORABILE

CARLO CONTE HALIFAX.

DAL SIGNORE GIUSEPPE ADDISON, L' ANNO MDCCI.

IN VERSI INGLESI.

*E tradotta in versi Toscani *.*

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum ! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. VIRG. Georg. 2.

MENTRE, Signor, l'ombre vilesche attragonvi,
E di Britannia dagli ufici toltovi
Non piu, ch' a suoi ingrati figli piaccia
Per lor vantaggio, vostro ozio immolate;
Me in esteri regni il fato invia
Entro genti feconde in carmi eterni,
U la dolce stagion, e'l vago clima
Fanno, che vostra quiete in versi io turbi.

Ovunque io giri i miei rapiti lumi,
Scene auree, liete, e chiare viste inalzanfi,
Attornianmi poetiche campagne,
Parmi ognor di calcar classico suolo;

* By the Abbot Anton. Maria Salvini, Greek Professor at Florence.

Si sovente ivi Musa accordò l'arpa,
 Che non cantato niun colle forgevi,
 Celebre in versi ivi ogni pianta cresce, 15
 E in celeste armonia ciascun rio corre.

Come mi giova a cercar poggi e boschi
 Per chiare fonti, e celebrati fumi!
 Alla Nera veder fiera in suo corso,
 Tracciar Clitumno chiaro in sua sorgente! 20
 Veder condur sua schiera d'acque il Mincio
 Per lunghi giri di seconda ripa!
 E d'Albula canuta il guado infetto
 Suo caldo letto di fumante solfo!

Di mille estasi acceso, io sopravveggo 25
 Correre il Po per praterie fiorite
 De fiumi re, che sovra i pian scorrendo,
 Le torreggianti Alpi in natia muraglia
 Della metà di loro umore asciuga;
 Superbo, e gonfio dell' hiberne nevi 30
 L'abbondanza comparte ov'egli corre.

Talor smarrito dal drappel sonoro,
 I rii rimiro immortalati in canto,
 Che giaccionfi in silenzio, e obbligo perduti,
 (Muti i lor fonti son, secche lor vene) 35
 Pur, per senno di Muse, ei son perenni,
 Lor mormorio perenne in tersi carmi.

Talora al gentil Tebro io mi ritiro,
 Le vote ripe del gran fiume ammiro,
 Che privo di poter suo corso tragge 40

D'una grette urna, e sterile forgente;
 Pur suona ei nelle bocche de poeti,
 Sicche 'l miro al Danubio e al Nil far scorno;
 Così Musa immortale in alto il leva!
 Tal' era il Boin, povero ignobil fiume,
 Che nelle Hiberne valli oscuro errava,
 E inosservato in suoi giri seherzava,
 Quando per vostri versi, e per la spada
 Di Nafsò, rinomato, l' onde sue
 Levate in alto per mondo risonano,
 Ovunque dello eroe le divin' opre,
 E ove andrà fama d' immortal verso.

Oh l' estatico mio petto inspirasse
 Musa con un furor simile al vostro,
 Infinite bellezze avria 'l mio verso,
 Cederia di Virgilio a quel l' Italia!

Mira quali auree selve attorno ridonni!
 Che della tempestosa di Britannia
 Isola sì ne schivano la costa;
 O trapiantate, e con pensier guardate,
 Maledicon la fredda regione,
 E nell' aria del norte illanguidiscono.
 Calor dolor il montante umor ne lievita
 A nobil gusti e pin esaltati odori;
 Rozze ancor rupi molle mirto menano
 Ricco profumo, peste erbette olezzano.
 Portimi, un dio, di Baia a i gentil seggi,
 O ne verdi ritiri d'Umbria traggani,

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Ove i ponenti eterna han residenza,
 Tutte Stagioni lor pompa profondono; 70
 Germogli, e frutti, e fiori, insieme allegano,
 E in gaia confusion sta l' anno tutto.

45 Glorie immortali in mia mente rivivono,
 Combatton nel cuor mio ben mille affetti,
 Allorache di Roma l' esaltate 75
 Bellezze giu giacerfi io ne discuopro,
 Magnificenti in moli di ruine.

50 D' anfiteatro una stupenda altezza
 Di terror miriempie e di diletto,
 Che Roma ne suoi pubblici spettacoli 80
 Dispopolava, e nazioni intere

55 Agiatamente in suo grembo capia:
 Passanvi i ciel colonne aspre d' intaglio,
 Di trionfo superbi archi là forgono,
 U de prischi Roman l' immortal' opre 85
 Dispiegate alla vista ognor rinfacciano
 La vile loro tralignata stirpe:

60 Qui tutti e fiumi lascian giu lor piani,
 Per aerei condotti in alto corrono.

Sempre a novelle scene mia vagante 90
 Musa sì si ritragge, e muta ammira
 L' alto spettacol d' animate rupi,
 Ove mostrò scalpel tutta sua forza,
 Ed in carne addolcì scabroso sasso.

In solenne silenzio, in maestade 95
 Eroi stannosi, e Dei, e Roman Consoli:

Torvi tiranni, in crudeltà famosi,
 E imperadori in Pario marmo accigliansi;
 Mentre dame brillanti, a cui con umile
 Servitù stan soggetti, ognora mostrano
 I vezzi, che gli altieri cuor domaro.

109

Volentieri io vorria di Raffaele
 Contar l'arte divina, e far vedere
 Gl' immortali lavori nel mio verso,
 Là ve da mista forza d'ombre, e luce
 Nuova creazion forge a mia vista;
 Tai celesti figure escon da suo
 Pennello, e i mesticati suoi colori
 Caldi di vita così ne sfavillano,
 Di soggetto in soggetto d'un segreto
 Piacer preso, e infiammato attorno io giro
 Tra la soave varietà perduto:

105

110

Mio strabilito spirto qua confondono
 Arie vezzose in circolanti note
 Passeggianti, e in sonori labirinti;
 Cupole e templi s' alzan là in distanti
 Vedute, ed in palagi aperti, ed ampli
A celebrargli invitano la Musa.

115

Come indulgente Cielo adornò mai
 La fortunata terra, e sovra quella
 Versò benedizioni a piena mano!
 Ma che vaglion le lor dovizie eterne,
 Fioriti monti, e soleggiate rive,
 Con tutti don che cielo e suol compartono,

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I rîsi di Natura, e i vezzi d' Arte,
Mentre altiera Oppression regna in sue valli,
E Tirannia suoi pian felici usurpa?

125

Il povreo abitante mira indarno
Il rosseggiante arancio, e 'l pingue grano:

Crescer dolente ci mira ed oli e vini,

130

E de mirti odorar l'ombra si sdegna;

In mezzo alla bontà de la Natura

Maledetto languisce, e dentro a cariche

Di vino vigne muore per la sete.

O Libertà! o dea celeste, e bella,

135

Di ben profusa, e pregna di diletto!

Piaceri eterni te presente regnano,

Guida tuo gaio tren lieta Dovizia;

Vien nel suo peso Suggezion piu lieve,

Povertà sembra allegra in tua veduta;

140

Fai di Natura il viso oscuro gaio,

Doni al sole bellezza, al giorno gioia.

Te Dea, te la Britannia isola adora;

Come ha sovente elle ogni ben suo cfausto,

E spesso t' ha di morte in campi cerco!

145

Niuno pensa il tuo possente pregio

A troppo caro prezzo essor comprato.

Puo sopra esteri monti il sole i grappoli

Per dolce sugo maturare a vino,

Di boschi di cedrati ornare il suolo,

150

Confiar la grassa oliva in flutti d' olio;

Non invidiamo il piu servente clima

Dell' etere piu dolce in dieci gradi ;
 Di nostro ciel maledizion non duolmi,
 Ne a noi in capo Pleiadi ghiacciate ; 155
 Corona Libertà la Britann' isola,
 E fa sue steril bianche rupi ridere.

Le torreggianti moli altrui diletтино,
 E le superbe ambiziose cupolo,
 Un gentil colpo a una vil tela dare, 160
 Od insegnar sassi animati a vivere ;
 D'Europa sul destin vegliar Britannia
 Ha cura, e bilanciar gli emuli stati ;
 Di guerra minacciare arditi regi,
 Degli afflitti vicini udire i preghi. 165
 Danno e Suecco, attaccati in fiere allarme,
 Di lor armi pietose benedicono
 La prudente condotta, e 'l buon governo ;
 Testò che poi le nostre flotte appaiono,
 Cessano tutti i lor spaventi, e in pace 170
 Tutto il settentrional mondo si giace.

L'ambizioso Gallo con segreto
 Tremito vede all' aspirante sua
 Testa mirar di lei il gran tonante,
 E volentieri i suoi divini figli 175
 Vorrebbe disuniti per straniero
 Oro, o pur per domestica contesa ;
 Ma acquistare o dividere in van prova
 Cui l'arme di Nafsò, e 'l senno guida.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

79

Del nome acceso, cui sovente ho trovo
Remoti climi, e lingue risonare,
Con pena imbriglio mia lottante Musa,
Che ama lanciarsi in piu ardita prova.

180

Ma io di già hovvi turbato assai,
Ne tentar oso un piu sublime canto:
Più dolce thema il basso verso chiedemi,
Fioriti prati o gorgoglianti rivi ;
Mal proprio per gli eroi, che i carmi eterni
Qual di Virgilio, o vostri onorar debbono.

185

189

A LETTER FROM ITALY,

To the Right Hon.

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
 Magna virum !tibi res antique laudis et artis
 Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes. VIRG. Georg. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
 And from Britannia's public posts retire,
 Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
 For their advantage sacrifice your ease,
 Me into foreign realms my fate conveys, 5
 Thro' nations fruitful of immortal lays,
 Where the soft season and inviting clime
 Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise; 10
 Poetic fields encompass me around,
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
 For here the Muse so oft' her harp has strung,
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows, 15
 And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
 For rising springs and celebrated floods!

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To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source! 20
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Thro' the long windings of a fruitful shore!
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide!

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey 25
Eridanus thro' flow'ry meadows stray,
The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,
The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows. 30

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muses' skill, 35
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives it course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source, 40
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyn, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd, 45
And, unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd,

Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows thro' the world resound,
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse. 50

Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like your's, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile! 55
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
 Or when transplanted, and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
 To nobler tastes and more exalted scents; 60
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,
 Where western gales eternally reside, 65
 And all the Seasons lavish all their pride;
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers, together rise,
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive, 70
 When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
 An amphitheatre's amazing height
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight,

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That on its public shows unpleopled Rome, 75
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd
Their base degen'rate progeny upbraid : 80
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height thro'airy channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires,
Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown, 85
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.

In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown ; 90
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight ; 96

Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost. 100

Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound ;

Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And op'ning palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land, 105
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of Nature and the charms of Art, 110
While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?

The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines, 115
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines
Starves, in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh, Liberty! thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight! 120
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay, 125
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, Goddess! thee Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft' exhausted all her stores,
How oft' in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought! 130

On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime that lies 135
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine;
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle, [smile.
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight, 141
And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate, 145
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms; 150
Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
And all the Northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite 155
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name which I so oft' have found
 The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
 I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain, 161
 That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
 Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song :
 My humble verse demands a softer theme, 165
 A painted meadow or a purling stream ;
 Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
 And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, should praise.

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PROLOGUE

TO PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS*.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

LONG has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
 That rant by note, and thro' the gamut rage;
 In songs and airs express their martial fire,
 Combat in trills, and in a fenge expire;
 While lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit, 5
 Calm and serene you indolently sit,
 And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
 Hear the facetious fiddles repartee :
 Our home-spun authors must forsake the field,
 And Shakespeare to the soft Scarletti yield. 10
 To your new taste the poet of this day
 Was by a friend advis'd to form his play.
 Had Valentini, musically coy,
 Shunn'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy,
 It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen 15
 An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen :
 How would it please should she in English speak,
 And could Hippolitus reply in Greek ?
 But he, a stranger to your modish way,
 By your old rules must stand or fall to-day, 20
 And hopes you will your foreign taste command
 To bear, for once, with what you understand. 22

* A Tragedy, written by Mr. Edmund Smith.

PROLOGUE

TO THE TENDER HUSBAND *.

Spoken by Mr. Wilks.

IN the first rise and infancy of farce,
 When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
 The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
 A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
 No single character had e'er been shown, 5
 But the whole herd of fops was all their own:
 Rich in originals, they set to view,
 In every piece, a cockcomb that was new.

But now our British theatre can boast
 Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host! 10
 Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows
 Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and beaus;
 Rough country knights are found of ev'ry shire,
 Of ev'ry fashion gentle fops appear;
 And punks of diff'rent characters we meet 15
 As frequent on the stage as in the pit.
 Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
 And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
 Long ere they find the necessary spark,
 They search the Town, and beat about the Park, 20
 To all his most frequented haunts resort,
 Oft' dog him to the ring, and oft' to court,

* A Comedy, written by Sir Richard Steele.

As love of pleasure or of place invites,
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.

Howe'er, to do you right, the present age 25
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage,
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night;
—Here's still encouragement for those that write.

Our author, to divert his friends to-day, 31
Stocks with variety of fools his play,
And that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view;
The first a damsel travell'd in romance, 35
The other more refin'd, she comes from France;
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from
danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger. 38

EPILOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS *.

WHEN Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run and winds to blow,
While list'ning forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find, 5
The force of music is to music join'd;

* A dramatic Poem, written by the Lord Lansdown.

H iij

Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains or a waste of sand, 10
The desert smiles, the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.

The same dull sights in the same landscape mix'd,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow, 15
And pall the sense with one continu'd show:
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, tho' the place stands still,
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views. 20
Thus (without unity of place transgress)
Th' Enchanter turns the critic to a jest.

But howsoe'er, to please your wand'ring eyes,
Bright objects disappear and brighter rise,
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight. 26

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POEMATA.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU

ARMIGERO,

SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO,

ÆRARI PRÆFECTO,

REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIIS, ETC.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellica præstant Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in humanioribus Pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod si Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa Pax, ut illa lætaremur tot perditissimis Poetis tam misere decantata. At, dum alios infector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cru-

ciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti
varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut
poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subi-
cerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scriben-
do non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

Humanitatis tuæ

Cultor devotissimus,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

Post

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Diræq

Tristia

Explet

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Miscen

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Defert

Rustic

Horror

Jamqu

Expe

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Aspi

Belloru

Oppida

Ut trep

Inquiri

PAX GULIELMI

AUSPICIIS EUROPE REDDITA, 1697.

POSTQUAM ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque turbarum,

Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi solliciti, turba importuna, Poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli 5
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem abîste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.

Non ultra ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro 10
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident 15
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem a sanguine messem.

Aspicias ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et everfos flammarum turbine muros! 20
Ut trepidos rerum annales, tristemque laborum
Inquiret seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis

Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
 Flumina, famosofque Ormondi volvere campos!
 Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro. 25
 Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
 Vexillum intrepidus * fixit, cui tempora dudum
 Budenses palmæ, perēgrinaque laurus obumbrat.
 Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
 Sparfa fuit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber, 30
 Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
 Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
 Ut vario anfractu, et disjunctis undique saxis
 Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immanē minantur
 Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent! 35

Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas sulphure moles
 Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
 Prælia fervebant: subito cum claustra fragore
 Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
 Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum 40
 Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.

Sic, postquam enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
 Cælicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
 Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
 Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse 45
 Pelion, invertique imis radicibus ossam;
 Hic fluvium moles inter confusasque saxa
 Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
 Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
 Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate lucorum. 50

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus Cutts, Baro de Gowran, &c.

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 tellitui

Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
 Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
 Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
 Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo
 Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto 55
 Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
 Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
 Agmina, Nassovique latus socialibus armis
 Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura miscent,
 Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis. 60

Te tamen e mediis, Ductor Fortissime *, turmis
 Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
 Accipies, popoli que encomia sera futuri,
 Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
 Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti 65
 Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno.
 Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris æstus
 Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
 Sed plaga torridior, qua sol intentius omnes
 Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo 70
 India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
 Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.

Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
 Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
 Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta 75
 Describit fociis, pugnataque in ordine bella

* Infir. Dem. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Praefectis.

Attentus numerat, neque brumam aut frigora curat,
 En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
 Deserit, imperio extremum qui subjicit orbem *,
 Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat 80
 Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namuræ
 Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
 Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Senefsi.
 Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
 Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu, 85
 Majestate rûdi, et torvo spectabilis ore.

Sic olim Alcides, immania membra leonis
 Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
 Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
 Cum peteret, testisque ingens succederet hospes. 90
 Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruentos
 Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
 Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
 Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
 Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas. 95

Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! quæ murmura
 vulgi

Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
 Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
 Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
 Nassovi secura tui, desiste tumentes 100
 Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
 Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:

* Moscoviæ Imperator.

Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Solicitem belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas. 105
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.

Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes 110

Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, affataque sulphure membra,
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus. 115

Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum, 120

Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.

Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis, 125
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et procures: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingredieris, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: tibi Jupiter annum 130

Serius invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet hyems, festoque vacat cælum omne triumpho.

Jamque Nepos * tibi parvus adest, lætoque juvenæ
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.

Ut Patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus 135

Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam

Infundunt puero! ut mater formosa ferenat

Angustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!

Agnosco faciem ambiguum, mixtosque parentes.

Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et tristia bella, 140

Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine ludit.

Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ

Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,

Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.

Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva 145

Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu

Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam

Diruit: interea generosæ in pectore flammæ

Affurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas

Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror. 150

Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas

Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales

Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura fordes?

Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cælum,

Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,

Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos? 156

En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem

Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,

* Cellissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

Flag
Scin
Nec
Indu
Terri
Hispi
Colla
Ludit
Læ
Jam ta
Exerce
Impun
Seu cor
Mensib
Tender
Æolus,
Vosar
Quarum
Corpora
Parta qu
Fida fate
Ductoren
Tuque M
O Diva!
Ne terris
Detineant

Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo. 160

Nec minus in terris vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivomasque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra leonis
Hispidam mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Collaquatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus anguem 165
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.

Lætitiâ ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit,positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat: 170
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.

Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes 175
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nasso abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circum diffundite turmas. 180
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva! O patiens magnum expectare maritum!
Ne terris Dominum invidas, quanquam illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem. 184

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

QUA penetrat foflor terræ cæca antra, metallo
 Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
 Dum fupet occultas, gazas, nummosque futuros,
 Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
 Qui nullo effufus prodit veftigia tractu, 5
 Nec terram figno revolubilis imprimit udo,
 Sed fractus fparsim in globulos formam ufque rotun-
 Servat, et in teretes lapfans fe colligit orbes. [dam

Incertum qua fit natura, an negligat ultra
 Perficiet, jubar et maturus inutile temnat; 10
 An potius folis vis imperfecta relinquat
 Argentem male coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
 Quicquid erit, magno fe jactat nobilis ufu;
 Nec Deus effulfit magis afpectabilis olim,
 Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiofus amictu 15
 Ambit, et gratam fuadente libidine formam,
 Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.

Quin age, fume tubum fragilem, cui denfior aër
 Exclufus; fundo vitri fubfidat in imo
 Argenti ftagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum 20
 Mobile defcendat, vel contra, ubi poftulat æftus,
 Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rurfus inane
 Occupet afcenfu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

Jam cœli faciem tempeftatesque futuras
 Confcia lympa monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
 Nam quoties liquor infurgit, vitreoque canali 26

Sub
 Tum
 Æfta
 Sin
 Et ni
 Jam
 Exco
 Cur
 Fundu
 Pabula
 Inferio
 Indicat
 Tranan
 Discuti
 Nunc g
 Particul
 Prata vi
 Irrigat,
 Quin ubi
 Fundum
 Agricolæ
 Aspicit:
 Collec
 At licet a
 Subfidat,
 Cætera qu
 Expatia
 Diluvium,

Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
 Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva satentur
 Æstatem, et large diffuso lumine rident.
 Sin sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor, 30
 Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
 Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
 Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.

Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
 Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æqora sumi, 35
 Pabula venturæ pluvix; tum fusile pondus
 Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
 Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
 Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aura,
 Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis. 40

Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
 Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
 Prata virent, segetem sæcundis imbris æther
 Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
 Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli 45
 Fundum amat, impatiens pluvix, mutuensque procel-
 Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impune colonus [lam,
 Aspicit: ostendet mox sæta vaporibus aura
 Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.

At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum 50
 Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
 Cætera quæque tument; everlis flumina ripis
 Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
 Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.

Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum, 55
 Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
 Ante refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
 Inccedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.

Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
 Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur; 60
 Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
 Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
 Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes messor aristas
 Prostrernat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis, 64
 Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ :

SIVE,

PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMEOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

PENNATAS acies, et lamentabile bellum
 Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
 Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
 Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
 Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumquetumultus.

Heroum ingentes animos et tristia bella 6
 Pieridum labor exhaustit, versuque sonoro
 Jussit et æterna numerorum assurgere pompa:
 Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
 Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem? 10
 Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
 Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum

Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem ?
 Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
 Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus; 15
 Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
 Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.

Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
 India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
 (Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessa vireta) 20
 Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
 Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
 Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
 Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
 Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas 25
 Exiguus videt, et vestigia parva stupefcit.
 Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
 Regna, et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
 Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
 Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales 30
 Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnx,
 Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
 Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque re-
 portat

Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
 Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpe juvabat 35
 Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
 Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
 Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
 Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci

Omnia vastaret miles, foetusque necaret 40
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.

Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virumque
Commisssa strages, confusaque mortis imago. 45
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco 50
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.

Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit foetus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras 55
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Caystri [unda,
Piata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro.
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens, 60
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrepta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepat alis, 65
Terræque immenses tractus, semotaque longe
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant

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 Fatalem
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 Quot feci
 Intulit, h
 Jamque
 Prospectar
 Crebrescit
 Ordinibus
 Alituum, n
 Turba polu
 Agmina Py

Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cælum omne tumultus.

Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella faceffit 70
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composita excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.

Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert 75
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus
Incessuque gravis reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.
Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam inculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta 80

Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confusus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensen, 85
Truncavitque alas, celerique fugam abstulit hosti:
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!

Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem. 90
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aëra pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret: 95

Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
 Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
 Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
 Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
 Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus insert: 100
 Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.
 Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
 Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
 Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
 Cuspide, fanguineo sese furibunda rotatu 105
 Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hostem
 Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit unguis.
 Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
 Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
 Tandit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.
 Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit 111
 Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
 Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.
 Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
 Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
 Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in mortevagatur, 116
 Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
 Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
 Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
 Cum, subito appulsus (sic Dî voluere) tumultu 120
 Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
 Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
 Sustulit in cælum; bellator ab unguibus hæret

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 Tot bell
 Funditu
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 Quos ult
 Assyriæ
 Sedibus e
 Elysi val

Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique dersus
 Alitum ; frustra Pygmæi lumine mæsto 125
 Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
 Heroem aspiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus escam.

Jamque recrudescit bellum, Grus desuper urget
 Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morfu ;
 Tum fugit alta volans ; is sursum brachia jactat 130
 Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.

Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
 Mitteret in cælum Briareus, folioque Tonantem
 Præcipitem excuteret ; sparguntur in æthere toto
 Fulminaque scopulique : flagrantia tela deorsum 135
 Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum
 Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.

Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmæia tandem
 Agmina languescunt ; ergo pars vertere terga
 Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem 140
 Exiguam ; late populus Cubitalis oberrat.

Instant à tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
 Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.

Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
 Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis, 145
 Funditus interiit : nempe exitus omnia tandem
 Certus regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
 Quos ultra transire nefas : sic corrui olim
 Assyriæ Imperium, sic magnæ Perfidis imis
 Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum. 150
 Elysi valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,

Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
 Plebs parva : aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
 Fabula, Pastores per noctis opaca pucillas
 Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos. 155
 Dum secura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
 Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
 Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
 Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet. 159

RESURRECTIO DELINEATA

AD ALTARE COL. MAGD. OXON.

EGREGIOS fuci tractus, calamique labores,
 Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
 Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
 Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
 Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores. 5

Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
 Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
 Vestiit albedo, sed ne rima ulla priorem
 Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
 Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem 10
 Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
 Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.

Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
 Ne spatium moles immensa dehiscat inani,
 Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia late 15
 Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;

Mox
 Tita
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 Sic
 Dum
 Cauti
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 Induci
 Muta
 Aliq
 Sparfa
 Raucos
 Inflat,
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 Picta g
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 Sic, d
 Terra t
 Luxuria
 Omne s
 Jam p
 Sive inte
 Sensim d
 Explicita
 Divisum
 Junctura,

Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare potius, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne 20
Diffuere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.

Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum fordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes 25
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.

Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes 30
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.

Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis, 35
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.

Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli, 40
Sensum dirigit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.

Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago; 45
 Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
 Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
 Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
 Motu ægro vix dum redivos erigit artus.
 Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine tota 50
 Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
 Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspicere murum,
 Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
 Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus aëntis. 55
 Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
 Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis;
 Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
 Quantum dissimilis, quantum, o! mutatus ab illo,
 Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam 60
 Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
 Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
 Condere, dum victa factorum lege triumphans
 Nativum petiit cælum, et super æthera vinctus
 Despexit lunam exiguam, solēque minorem. 65

Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utraq;que,
 Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
 Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
 Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
 Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeffunt. 70
 Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
 Infantum, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ

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 Qui
 Jam vi
 Mœnia
 Fingun
 Ut toti
 Livida
 Pictura
 Huc tur
 Infrend
 Vindex

Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
 Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
 Intonat, et læto ridet cælum omne triumpho. 73
 His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
 Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore servant.
 Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,
 Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
 Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phæbo. 80

Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
 Quam mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
 Surgentem è tumulto, alatoque satellite sultam?
 Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
 Wainketus*, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat: 85
 Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
 Quando alium similem virtus habitura! —
 Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
 Aspicit, impavidosque in iudice figit ocellos.

Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris 90
 Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
 Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
 Fingunt, et falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis,
 Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
 Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat 95
 Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
 Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
 Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
 Vindex à tergo implacabile sævit, et ense

* Coll. Magd. fundator.

Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos 100
 Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ob oris.
 Heu! quid agat tristis? quo se cœlestibus iris
 Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
 Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
 Nequicquam, et sero in lachrymas effunditur; obstant
 Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen. 106

Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
 Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
 Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris
 Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber 110
 Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.

O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate colores!
 Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
 Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

Hic ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
 Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
 Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
 Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
 Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris 5
 Desecat, exiguum radens a cespite messem:
 Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
 Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
 Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
 Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ 10
 Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.

Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
 Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
 Hanc vult, quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
 Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit; 15
 Quin alii diversa placet, quam parcius urget
 Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere recto.

Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
 Consilium, aut fors; quisque suis accingitur armis.
 Evolat orbiculus, qua cursum meta futurum 20
 Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
 Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa
 Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,
 Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
 Subsistat: subito globus emicat alter et alter. 25

Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
 Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
 Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
 Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
 At si forte globum, qui misit, spectat inertem 30
 Serpere, et impressum subito languescere motum,
 Pone urget sphærae vestigia, et anxius instat,
 Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
 Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur iniquam
 Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum. 35

Nec risus tacuere, globus cum volvitur actus
 Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
 Allicit, et sphæram à recto trahit insita virtus.
 Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,

Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos 40
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno.

Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.

Illâ tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri, 45
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget: 50
Evolat adducto non segnâ sphæra lacerto.

Haud ita profliciens Elæo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia testâ.

Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo, 55
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia——

Si vero incurfus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spoliatur honore: 60
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii; plausu strepit omni viretum.

Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas;
Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor. 66

O q
Vocal
Felici
Sæpe

Jam s
Cogis,
Corpu
Lumin

Opus r
Fronter
Scyphu
Purpura

Nunc p
Memor
Minister
Præsidiu

Omitte t
Gravesqu
Nec cæte
Ipse tuam

AD D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O QUI canoro blandius Orpheo
 Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
 Feliciore luctuosis
 Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,

Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
 Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
 Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
 Luminibus penetras acutis;

Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
 Frontemque curis sollicitam explica,
 Scyphumque jucundus require
 Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.

Nunc plena magni pocula postules
 Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
 Minister ingens, imperique
 Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus,

Omitte tandem triste negotium
 Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
 Nec cæteros cautus mederi
 Ipse tuam minuas salutem.

5

10

15

20

Frustra cruorem pulibus incitis
 Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
 Attentus explorare venam
 Quæ febris exagitet tumentem :

Frustra liquores quot Chymica expedit
 Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
 Innatus herbis te fatigant :
 Serius aut citius sepulchro

25

Debemur omnes, vitæque deferet
 Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
 Lentumque deslebunt nepotes
 (Reliquias animæ) cadaver.

30

Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
 Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua ;
 Suumque victorem vicissim
 Subjiciet Libitina victrix.

35

Decurrit illi vita beator
 Quicumque lucem non nimis anxius
 Reddit molestam, urgetque curas
 Sponte sua satis ingruentes ;

40

Et quem dierum lene fluentium
 Delectat ordo, vitæque mutuis
 Felix amicis, gaudiisque
 Innocuis bene temperata.

44

ADM
 Exigu
 Quem
 Innoc
 Con
 Histric
 Quotq
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MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES.

ANGLICE

A PUPPETSHOW.

25 ADMIRANDA cano levium spectacula rerum,
 Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
 Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
 Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.

30 Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
 Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
 Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
 Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent,
 Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
 Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni. 10
 Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
 35 Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
 Fila secant. ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
 Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
 Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida fuco. 15
 Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
 40 Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos,
 Ludit in exiguo plebecula parvo theatro.

Sed præter reliquos incedit Homuncio rauca
 Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem, 20
 Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
 In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminent ingens
 44 A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen

Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
 Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis 25
 Confusus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
 Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.
 Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa.
 Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
 Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat. 30
 Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
 Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligna,
 Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
 Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.

Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro, 35
 Ligna gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
 Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
 Ordine composito nympharum incedit honestum
 Agmen, et exigui procures, parvique Quirites.
 Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis, 40
 Jamque, insensa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
 Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.

Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
 Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
 Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros 45
 Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsat orbem.
 Mane patent gressus; hic succos terra feraces
 Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
 Luxuriem, tenerisque virêscit circulus herbis.

At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces, 50
 Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.

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 Crura ligat
 Et membra

Arma eient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugna; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.

Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure sæti, 55
Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.

Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ 60
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.

Sed postquam insanus pugna deferbuit ætus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,
Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.

Nec raro prisçi heroes, quos pagina sacra 65
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.

Rugis sulcantur vultus, proluxaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus 70
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.

Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum 75
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.

Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum 80
 Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inertī
 Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
 His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
 Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
 Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
 Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba. 86

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUTOREM.

Non usitatum carminis alitem,
 Burnette, poscis, non humiles modos:
 Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
 Respuis officium camœnæ.

Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
 Molemque cernis dissociabilem,
 Terramque concretam, et latentem
 Oceanum gremio capaci:

Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
 Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum
 Utcunque stet commune vulgi
 Arbitrium et popularis error.

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 Ut toll
 Diluvii

Quis ta
 Ut non
 Incedat
 Detegis

Quin ha
 Natura
 Coget re
 Mox ite

80 Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
 Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
 Fundamina, et compage fracta 15
 Suppositas gravis urget undas.

86 Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
 Terras aquarum effusa licentia
 Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
 Reliquiæ fluitant prioris. 20

 Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
 Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
 Stellasque miratur nutantes,
 Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.

 Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis! 25
 Qualis calefcit spiritus ingens!
 Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
 Diluvii reprimis tumultum!

5 Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
 Ut non tremiscens et timido pede 30
 Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
 Detegis instabiles ruinas?

10 Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
 Natura vultum sumere simplicem
 Coget refingens, in priorem 35
 Mox iterum reditura formam.

Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
 Cernas ; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
 Incendiis, commune mundo
 Et populis meditata bustum ! 40

Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
 Et mox liquefcens ipse adamantinum
 Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
 Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.

Jamque alta cœli mœnia coruunt, 45
 Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
 Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
 Heu socio peritura mundo.

Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
 Ubique rident : en teretem globum ! 50
 En læta vernantes Favoni
 Flamina, perpetuosque flores !

O pectus ingens ! O animum gravem,
 Mundi capacem ! si bonus auguror,
 Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
 Accipiet renovata civem. 56

TRANSLATIONS.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

The story of Phaeton.

THE sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd,
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd iv'ry was the cov'ring wrought, 5
The matter vy'd not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky,
A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd: 10
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their dropping hair divide, 15
And some on fishes thro' the waters glide.
Tho' various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in ev'ry face.
On earth a diff'rent landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise, 20
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural
deities;

O'er all the heav'n's refulgent image shines ;
On either gate were six engraven signs.

Here Phaeton, still gaining on th' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went, 25
Till pressing forward thro' the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god ;
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his akeing sight.

The god sits high, exalted on a throne 30
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on ;
The Hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, stand :
Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound,
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd ; 35
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear,
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne ;
That eye which looks on all was fix'd on one :
He saw the boy's confusion in his face, 40
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place,
And cries aloud, " What wants my son ? for know
" My son thou art, and I must call thee so."

" Light of the world !" the trembling youth replies, 45
" Illustrious parent ! since you don't despise
" The parent's name, some certain token give
" That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe,
" Nor longer under false reproaches grieve." }

The tender fire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head, 50

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And bid the youth advance. "My son," said he,
 "Come to thy father's arms; for Clymenè
 "Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
 "And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son :
 25 "As a sure proof, make some request, and I, 35
 "Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
 "By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
 "And roll impervious to my piercing sight."

30 The youth, transported, asks, without delay,
 To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day. 60

The god repented of the oath he took,
 For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook :
 "My son," says he, "some other proof require;
 "Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
 35 "I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made, 65
 "Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
 "Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
 "Nor suited to thy strength nor to thy years.
 40 "Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
 "Beyond the province of mortality. 70

"There is not one of all the gods that dares
 "(However skill'd in other great affairs)
 "To mount the burning axletree but I;
 45 "Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky, 74
 "That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
 "Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?
 "The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain,
 "And when the middle firmament they gain,

" If downwards from the heavens my head I bow,
 " And see the earth and ocean hang below, 80
 " Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
 " And my own heart misgives me at the sight;
 " A mighty downfal sleeps the ev'ning stage,
 " And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.
 " Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driv'n 85
 " Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
 " Besides, consider what impetuous force
 " Turns stars and planets in a diff'rent course:
 " I steer against their motions; nor am I
 " Borne back by all the current of the sky. 90
 " But how could you resist the orbs that roll
 " In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
 " But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
 " And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods,
 " While thro' a thousand snares your progress lies, 95
 " Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
 " For should you hit the doubtful way aright,
 " The Bull with slooping horns stands opposite;
 " Next him the bright Hæmonian bow is strung;
 " And next the Lion's grinning visage hung; 100
 " The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
 " And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
 " Nor would you find it easy to compose
 " The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows }
 " The scorching fire that in their entrails glows: 105 }
 " Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
 " When they grow warm and restiff to the rein.

" Let not my son a fatal gift require,
 " But, O! in time recall your rash desire :
 " You ask a gift that may your parent tell ; 110
 " Let these my fears your parentage reveal,
 " And learn a father from a father's care :
 " Look on my face ; or if my heart lay bare,
 " Could you but look you'd read the father there. }
 " Chuse out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies, 115
 " For open to your wish all nature lies,
 " Only decline this one unequal task,
 " For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask :
 " You ask a real mischief, Phaeton ;
 " Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my son : 120
 " I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
 " Chuse what you will, but make a wiser choice."

Thus did the God th' unwary youth advise,
 But he still longs to travel thro' the skies;
 When the fond father (for in vain he pleads) 125
 At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
 A golden axle did the work uphold,
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold;
 The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
 The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright; 130 }
 Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
 The youth with secret joy the work surveys,
 When now the Morn disclos'd her purple rays :
 The stars were fled ; for Lucifer had chas'd
 The stars away, and fled himself at last. 135

Soon as the father saw the rosy Morn,
 And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
 He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,
 Bring forth the steeds ; the nimble Hours obey :
 From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire, 140
 Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
 Still anxious for his son, the God of Day,
 To make him proof against the burning ray,
 His temples with celestial ointment wet,
 Of sov'reign virtue to repel the heat, 145
 Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
 And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,
 " Take this at least, this last advice, my son :
 " Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on ;
 " The courfers of themselves will run too fast ; 150
 " Your art must be to moderate their haste :
 " Drive 'em not on directly thro' the skies,
 " But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,
 " Along the midmost zone ; but fally forth
 " Nor to the distant South nor stormy North. 155
 " The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
 " But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
 " That no new fires or heav'n or earth infest ;
 " Keep the mid way ; the middle way is best. 159
 " Nor where in radiant folds the Serpent twines
 " Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines.
 " Shun both extremes ; the rest let Fortune guide,
 " And better for thee than thyself provide !

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" See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
 " Aurora gives the promise of a day; 163 }
 " I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
 " Snatch up the reins; or still th' attempt forsake,
 " And not my chariot, but my counsel, take,
 " While yet securely on the earth you stand,
 " Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand. 170
 " Let me alone to light the world, while you
 " Enjoy those beams which you may safely view."
 He spoke in vain; the youth with active heat
 And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat,
 And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives 175
 Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Mean-while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
 Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood;
 Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
 And all the waste of heav'n before 'em lay. 180
 They spring together out, and swiftly bear
 The flying youth thro' clouds and yielding air,
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
 The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat, 185
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight;]
 But as at sea th' unballasted vessel rides,
 Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides,
 So in the bounding chariot tofs'd on high,
 The youth is hurry'd headlong thro' the sky. 190
 Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
 Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.

The youth was in amaze, nor did he know
 Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
 Nor would the horses, had he known, obey; 195
 Then the Seven Stars first felt Apollo's ray,
 And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea :
 The folded Serpent next the Frozen Pole,
 Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
 And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
 And shot a redder light from every star; 201
 Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes, too, that fain
 Thou would'st have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy Wain.

Th' unhappy youth then bending down his head,
 Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread : 205
 His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
 And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
 Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd,
 His birth obscure, and his request deny'd :
 Now would he Merops for his father own, 210
 And quit his boasted kindred to the sun.

So fares the pilot when his ship is tost
 In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost;
 He gives her to the winds, and, in despair,
 Seeks his last refuge in the gods and pray'r. 215

What could he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
 Find a long path he had already past;
 If forward, still a longer path they find;
 Both he compares, and measures in his mind,
 And sometimes casts an eye upon the East, 220
 And sometimes looks on the forbidden West:

The horses' names he knew not in the fright,
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold 'em
tight.

Now all the horrors of the heav'ns he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size, 225
That deck'd with stars lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio, bent
In tail and arms, surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heav'ns he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs. 230
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horses felt 'em loose upon their manes,
And flying out thro' all the plains above, 235
Ran uncontroll'd where'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and thro' a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day:
And now above and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew. 240

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The high lands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze:
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below. 246
But these are trivial ills; whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
 Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear ; 250
 Oeagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
 And virgin Helicon increase the flame ;
 Taurus and Oete glare amid the sky,
 And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry :
 Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow, 255
 And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in snow ;
 High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
 And Ætna rages with redoubled heat :
 Ev'n Scythia, thro' her hoary regions warm'd,
 In vain with all her native frost was arm'd : 260
 Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring Appennine,
 And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine ;
 And where the long-extended Alps aspire
 Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
 Beheld the universe around him burn : 266
 The world was in a blaze ; nor could he bear
 The sultry vapours and the scorching air
 Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd ;
 And now the axletree beneath him glow'd : 270
 Lost in the whirling clouds that round him broke,
 And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,
 He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
 Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
 To change his hue, and blacken in the fun. 276

Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,
 Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
 The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
 Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns, 280
 Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
 And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.

The floods are drain'd from ev'ry distant coast;
 Even Tanaïs, tho' fix'd in ice, was lost;
 Enrag'd Cæcus and Lycormas roar, 285
 And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more:

The fam'd Mæander, that unwearied strays
 Thro' mazy windings, smokes in every maze:
 From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
 The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise 290
 In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies:
 In flames Ismenos and the Phæis roll'd,

And Tagus floting in his melted gold:
 The swans, that on Caisler often try'd
 Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and dy'd:
 The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground 296
 Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found;

His seven divided currents all are dry,
 And where they roll'd seven gaping trenches lie:
 No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
 Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain. 301

The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
 And startles Pluto with the flash of day:
 The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
 Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose:

" And does the plough for this my body tear ?
 " This the reward for all the fruits I bear, 335 }
 " Tortur'd with rakes, and harafs'd all the year ? }
 " That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
 " And food for man, and frankincense for you ?
 " But grant me guilty ; what has Neptune done ?
 " Why are his waters boiling in the sun ? 340
 " The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
 " Why does it waste, and further shrink from heav'n ?
 " If I nor he your pity can provoke,
 " See your own heav'ns, the heav'ns begin to smoke !
 " Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
 " Destruction seizes on the heav'ns and gods ; 346
 " Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
 " And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
 " If heav'n, and earth, and sea, together burn,
 " All must again into their chaos turn. 350
 " Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
 " And succour Nature ere it be too late."
 She ceas'd ; for chok'd with vapours round her spread,
 Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
 Jove call'd to witness every pow'r above, 355
 And ev'n the god whose son the chariot drove,
 That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
 Or universal ruin must ensue.
 Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
 From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down, 360

From whence his show'rs and storms he us'd to pour,
 But now could meet with neither storm nor show'r,
 Then aiming at the youth with lifted hand,
 Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand, 364
 In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' Almighty fire
 Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life and from the chariot driven,
 The ambitious boy fell thunderstruck from heav'n :
 The horses started with a sudden bound,
 And flung the reins and chariot to the ground : 370
 The studded harness from their necks they broke;
 Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke;
 Here were the beam and axle torn away,
 And scatter'd o'er the earth the shining fragments lay :
 The breathless Phæton, with flaming hair 375
 Shot from the chariot like a falling star,
 That in a summer's evening from the top
 Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop,
 Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
 Far from his country, in the western world. 380

Phæton's sisters transformed into trees.

THE Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd,
 On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd,
 And, whilst yet smeking from the bolt he lay,
 His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
 And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise; 385
 " Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies;

" His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,

" But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd."

Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief ;

And if the story may deserve belief,

390

The space of one whole day is said to run,

From morn to wonted ev'n without a sun ;

The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,

Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,

A day that still did Nature's face disclose ;

395

This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,

And as her grief inspires her passion vents :

Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,

With hair dishevell'd, round the world she goes, 400

To seek where'er his body might be cast,

Till, on the borders of the Po, at last

The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears ;

The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears,

Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,

405

And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters, too, lament, and sigh, and mourn,

(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)

And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,

And call aloud for Phaeton in vain ;

410

All the long night their mournful watch they keep,

And all the day stand round the tomb and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd,

So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd ;

When now the eldest, Phaethusa, strove 415
 To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
 Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
 Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground :
 A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
 Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves :
 One sees her thighs transform'd, another views 421
 Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
 And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies, stood
 Crusted with bark, and hard'ning into wood ;
 But still above were female heads display'd, 425
 And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
 What could, alas ! the weeping mother do?
 From this to that with eager haste she flew,
 And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew :
 She tears the bark that to each body cleaves, 430
 And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves :
 The blood came trickling where she tore away
 The leaves and bark : the maids where heard to say,
 " Forbear, mistaken Parent, oh ! forbear ;
 " A wounded daughter in each tree you tear : 435
 " Farewell for ever." Here the bark increas'd,
 Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.
 The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
 Which, hard'ned into value by the sun,
 Distil for ever on the streams below ; 440
 The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
 Mixt in the sand, whence the rich drops convey'd
 Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

The transformation of Cynus into a Swan.

CYENUS beheld the nymphs transform'd; ally'd
 To their dead brother on the mortal side, 445
 In friendship and affection nearer bound,
 He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
 Thro' pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
 And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change.
 Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone, 450
 The melancholy monarch made his moan,
 His voice was lessen'd, as he try'd to speak,
 And issu'd thro' a long extended neck;
 His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
 In skinny films, and shape his oary feet; 455
 From both his sides the wings and feathers break,
 And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak;
 All Cynus now into a Swan was turn'd,
 Who still rememb'ring how his kinsman burn'd,
 To solitary pools and lakes retires, 460
 And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-while Apollo in a gloomy shade
 (The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
 Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
 Of his own sunshine, and abhors the light; 465
 The hidden griefs that in his bosom rise
 Sadden his looks, and over-cast his eyes,
 As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
 And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd, 470 }
 Now warm resentments to his grief he join'd,
 And now renounc'd his office to mankind. }
 " Ere since the birth of Time," said he, " I've borne
 " A long ungrateful toil without return ;
 " Let now some other manage, if he dare, 475
 " The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car ;
 " Or if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
 " And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by ;
 " Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
 " My son deserv'd not so severe a fate." 480
 The gods stand round him as he mourns, and pray
 He would resume the conduct of the day,
 Nor let the world be lost in endless night ;
 Jove, too, himself, descending from his height,
 Excuses what had happen'd, and entreats, 485
 Majestically mixing pray'rs and threats.
 Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
 The harness'd steeds, that still will horror shook,
 And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
 And as he whips upbraids 'em with his son. 490

The story of Calisto.

THE day was settled in its course, and Jove
 Walk'd the wide circuit of the heav'ns above,
 To search if any cracks or flaws were made ;
 But all was safe : the earth he then survey'd,
 And cast an eye on every diff'rent coast, 495
 And every land, but on Arcadia most :

Her fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blasted face
 With running fountains and with springing grass:
 No tracks of heav'n's destructive fire remain,
 The fields and woods revive, and Nature smiles again.

But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth, 501
 And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
 By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
 And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.

The nymph nor spun nor dress'd with artful pride;
 Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was ty'd; 506
 Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
 Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
 To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
 The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd: 510
 Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
 Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
 O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
 More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
 The heated virgin panting to a grove; 516
 The grove around a grateful shadow cast;
 She dropp'd her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
 She flung herself on the cool grassy bed,
 And on the painted quiver rais'd her head. 520
 Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
 Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
 "Here I am safe," he cries, "from Juno's eye,
 "Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,

" Yet would I venture on a theft like this, 525

" And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss !"

Diana's shape and habit straight he took,

Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,

And mildly in a female accent spoke.

" How fares my girl ? how went the morning chase ?"

To whom the virgin, starting from the grass, 531

" All-hail, bright Deity ! whom I prefer

" To Jove himself, tho' Jove himself were here."

The god was nearer than she thought, and heard

Well pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd. 535

He then salutes her with a warm embrace,

And ere she half had told the morning chase,

With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,

Smother'd her words, and stopp'd her with a kiss :

His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd, 540

Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.

The virgin did whate'er a virgin could ;

(Sure Juno must have pardon'd had she view'd)

With all her might against his force she strove ;

But how can mortal maids contend with Jove ! 545

Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,

Back to his heav'ns th' insulting god retir'd.

The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,

With downcast eyes, and with a blushing face,

By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd, 550

Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,

And almost, in the tumult of her mind,

Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

But now Diana, with a sprightly train
 Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain, 555
 Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
 A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
 But when she saw the sister-nymphs, suppress'd
 Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How in the look does conscious guilt appear! 560
 Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear,
 Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
 As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
 Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien, 565
 That sure the virgin-goddes (had she been
 Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
 'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
 And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
 When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
 Found a cool covert and refreshing streams, 570
 That in soft murmurs thro' the forest flow'd,
 And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
 The goddess prais'd: "And now no spies are near,
 "Let's strip, my gentle Maids! and wash," she cries.
 Pleas'd with the motion, ev'ry maid complies; 576
 Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
 And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:
 In vain excus'd; her fellows round her press'd,
 And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd. 580
 The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
 In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd:

" Begone !" the goddess cries with stern disdain,
 " Begone ! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain." }
 She fled, for ever banish'd from the train. 385 }

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
 To punish the detested rival's crime :

The time was come ; for, to enrage her more,
 A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cry'd, 390
 " It is enough ; I'm fully satisfy'd :

" This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove

" My husband's baseness and the strumpet's love.

" But vengeance shall awake ; those guilty charms

" That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms, 595

" No longer shall their wonted force retain,

" Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain."

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
 Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground :
 The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer ; 600
 Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair ;
 Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
 Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws ;
 Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
 To grow distorted in an ugly grin ; 605

And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
 The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech :
 Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came
 In savage sounds ; her mind was still the same :
 The furry monster fix'd her eyes above, 610
 And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,

And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own! 615
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew!
How did she fear her fellow brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, tho' now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire, 620
Altho' the grim Lycaon was her sire!

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold,
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay. 625
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbade, and snatch'd 'em thro' the air 630
In whirlwinds up to heav'n, and fix'd 'em there,
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars and circled round with light, 635
She fought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys, both rever'd among the gods.
They ask what brings her there? "Ne'er ask," says she,
"What brings me here; heav'n is no place for me.

" You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er, 640
 " Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
 " Usurp the heav'n's; you'll see 'em proudly roll
 " In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
 " And who shall now on Juno's altar wait,
 " When those she hates grow greater by her hate? 645
 " I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
 " Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast:
 " This, this was all my weak revenge could do;
 " But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
 " And, as he acted after Io's rape, 650
 " Restore th' adult'refs to her former shape;
 " Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
 " The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
 " But you, ye venerable Powers! be kind,
 " And, if my wrongs a due^{red} resentment find, 655
 " Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
 " Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams."
 The goddess ended, and her wish was giv'n;
 Back she return'd in triumph up to heav'n;
 Her gaudy peacocks drew her thro' the skies, 660
 Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
 The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
 At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

The story of Coronis, and birth of Æsculapius.

THE raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
 White as the whitest dove's unsully'd breast, 665

640 Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the swan, a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.

The story of his change shall here be told. 670

645 In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confess'd the fairest of the fairer kind:
Apollo lov'd her till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true;
But his own bird, the raven, chanc'd to find 676
The false one with a secret rival join'd:

Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated pray'rs prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he ply'd, 680

655 The busy daw flew with him side by side,
And by a thousand teasing questions drew
Th' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, tho' despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd. 685

660 "Stay, silly Bird! th' ill-natur'd task refuse,
"Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news;
"Be warn'd by my example; you discern
"What now I am, and what I was shall learn:
"My foolish honesty was all my crime; 690

"Then hear my story. Once upon a time
"The two-shap'd Erichonius had his birth
"(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;

" Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
 " Within a chest, of twining osiers made. 695
 " The daughters of King Cœrops undertook
 " To guard the chest, commanded not to look
 " On what was hid within. I stood to see
 " The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
 " The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep 700
 " The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
 " And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
 " And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:
 " A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
 " But the boy ended in a dragon's tail. 705
 " I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
 " But for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
 " The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
 " And for her fav'rite chose the bird of night.
 " Be then no telltale; for I think my wrong 710
 " Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
 " But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
 " As never by the heav'nly maid belov'd:
 " But I was lov'd; ask Pallas if I lie;
 " Tho' Pallas hate me now, she won't deny; 715
 " For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
 " Was once a maid (by Heav'n the story's true) }
 " A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too. }
 " A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
 " My beauty was the cause of all my harms; 720
 " Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
 " Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.

- " He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
 " And offer'd force when all his arts were vain :
 " Swift he pursu'd ; I ran along the strand, 725
 " Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
 " I shriek'd aloud ; with cries I fill'd the air
 " To gods and men ; nor god nor man was there : }
 " A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer ; }
 " For as my arms I lifted to the skies, 730
 " I saw black feathers from my fingers rise ;
 " I strove to fling my garment on the ground ;
 " My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round :
 " My hands to beat my naked bosom try ;
 " Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I. 735
 " Lightly I tript, nor weary, as before,
 " Sunk in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore,
 " Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr'd
 " To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird :
 " Preferr'd in vain ! I now am in disgrace ; 740
 " Nyctimenè the owl enjoys my place.
 " On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
 " (In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)
 " And of her dire amours you must have heard,
 " For which she now does penance in a bird, 745
 " That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
 " And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night ;
 " The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
 " The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day."

The raven, urg'd by such impertinence, 750
 Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
 And curs'd the harmless daw; the daw withdrew;
 The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
 And found him out, and told the fatal truth
 Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth. 755

The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
 The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook; }
 His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
 And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast
 That had so often to his own been prest. 760
 Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
 And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound,
 And, welt'ring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
 " Ah, cruel God! tho' I have justly dy'd,
 " What has, alas! my unborn infant done, 765
 " That he should fall, and two expire in one?"
 This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The god dissolves in pity at her death;
 He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
 And hates himself for what himself had done; 770
 The feather'd shaft that sent her to the Fates,
 And his own hand that sent the shaft, he hates:
 Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
 And tries the compass of his art in vain.
 Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire, 775
 The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
 With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
 And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.

Her corpse he kiss'd, and heav'nly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought. 780

But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of th' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur Chiron's charge,
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er, 785
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

Ocyrrhœ transformed to a Mare.

OLD Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy;
His daughter, too, whom on the sandy shore
The nymph Chariclo to the Centaur bore, 790
With hair dishevell'd on her shoulders, came
To see the child, Ocyrrhœ was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophesy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd, 795
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;
"Hail, great Physician of the world! all hail!
"Hail, mighty Infant! who in years to come
"Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb; 800
"Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
"Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind;
"Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
"And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:

" Then shalt thou die, but from the dark abode 805
 " Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
 " And thou, my sire, not destin'd by thy birth
 " To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
 " How wilt thou tofs and rave, and long to die,
 " And quit thy claim to immortality, 810
 " When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
 " The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
 " The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
 " And give thee over to the pow'r of Fate."

Thus, ent'ring into destiny, the maid 815
 The secrets of offended Jove betray'd :
 More had she still to say, but now appears
 Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
 " My voice," says she, " is gone, my language fails;
 " Thro' every limb my kindred shape prevails : 820
 " Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
 " And with prophetic raptures swell my heart?
 " What new desires are these? I long to pace
 " O'er flow'ry meadows, and to feed on grass;
 " I hasten to a brute, a maid no more; 825
 " But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
 " My sire does half a human shape retain,
 " And in his upper parts preserves the man."

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
 But in shrill accents and misshapen words 830
 Pours forth such hideous wailings as declare
 The human form confounded in the Mare,

Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
 She neigh'd outright, and all the steed exprest.
 Her stooping body on her hands is borne, 835
 Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
 Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
 And in a flowing tail she frisks her train:
 The Mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
 And a new name from the new figure took. 840

The transformation of Battus to a Touchstone.

SORE wept the Centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
 But how could Phœbus give the Centaur aid?
 Degraded of his pow'r by angry Jove,
 In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove,
 And wielded in his hand a staff of oak, 845
 And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloke;
 On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
 And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
 The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd 850
 A drove, that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd:
 The theft an old insidious peasant view'd,
 (They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
 Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
 His favourite mares, and watch the gen'rous breed.
 The thievish god suspected him, and took 856
 The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke:
 "Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
 "And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee."

"Go, stranger," cries the clown, "securely on, 860
 "That stone shall sooner tell;" and show'd a stone.

The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
 In speech and habit like a country swain,
 And cries out, "Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
 "Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way? 865
 "In the recov'ry of my cattle join,
 "A bullock and a heifer shall be thine."
 The peasant quick replies, "You'll find 'em there
 "In yon' dark vale:" and in the vale they were.
 The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd: 870
 The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
 "And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
 "Me to myself dost thou betray?" says he;
 Then to a Touchstone turns the faithless spy,
 And in his name records his infamy. 875

The story of Aglauros transformed into a Statue.

THIS done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
 O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
 And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
 All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
 Her yearly homage to Minerva paid; 881
 In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
 High on their heads their mystic gifts they bore;
 And now, returning in a solemn train,
 The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain. 885

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The god, well-pleas'd, beheld the pompous show,
 And saw the bright procession pass below,
 Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
 And hover'd o'er them. As the spreading kite,
 That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
 Flies at a distance if the priests are nigh, }
 And sails around, and keeps it in her eye, 891
 So kept the god the virgin choir in view,
 And in slow winding circles round them flew.

As Lucifer excels the meanest star, 895
 Or as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer,
 So much did Hersè all the rest outvie,
 And gave a grace to the solemnity.
 Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung;
 So the cold bullet, that with fury flung 900
 From Balearic engines, mounts on high,
 Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.

At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
 The form divine, the features of a god :
 He knew their virtue o'er a female heart, 905
 And yet he strives to better them by art :
 He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
 The golden edging on the seam below,
 Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
 Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand, 910
 The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
 And to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
 He seeks th' apartment of the royal maid.

The roof was all with polish'd iv'ry lin'd, 915
 That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
 Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
 The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
 Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.

Aglauros first th'approaching god descry'd, 920
 And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
 And what his bus'ness was, and whence he came?
 "I come," reply'd the god, "from heav'n, to woo
 "Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
 "I am the son and messenger of Jove, 925
 "My name is Mercury, my bus'ness love;
 "Do you, kind damsel! take a lover's part,
 "And gain admittance to your sister's heart."

She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
 As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd, 930
 And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
 And till he brings it makes the god retire.
 Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed,
 And now rememb'ring the late impious deed,
 When, disobedient to her strict command, 935
 She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand,
 In big swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
 That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast,
 Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
 Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood: 940
 Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
 In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,

913 Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her course she steer'd; 945
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd. }

920 A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva loathing, turn'd away her eye; 950

The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a fullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight. 955

Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possess,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast:
Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung. 961

She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite; while, watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy: 965

Foe to herself, distressing and distressed,
She bears her own tormenter in her breast.
940 The goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
A short command: "To Athens speed thy flight;
"On curs'd Aglauros try thy utmost art, 970
"And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart."

This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
 And mounting from it with an active bound,
 Flew off to heav'n: the hag, with eyes askew,
 Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew; 975
 For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
 At the success which she herself must give;
 Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
 And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne
 O'er fields and flow'ry meadows: where she steers 980
 Her baneful course a mighty blast appears,
 Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
 The fields, the flow'rs, and the whole year, laid waste:
 On mortals next, and peopled towns, she falls,
 And breathes a burning plague among their walls. 985

When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
 With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
 Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
 To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
 Th'apartment now she enter'd, where at rest 990
 Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd.
 To execute Minerva's dire command
 She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
 Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
 That stung to madness the devoted maid: 995
 Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
 Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
 And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view

Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate: 1000
 Th' imaginary bride appears in state,
 The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows,
 For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
 In tears all night, in darkness all the day; 1005
 Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
 When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
 Or like unwholsome weeds that, set on fire,
 Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.

Given up to Envy (for in ev'ry thought 1010
 The thorns, the venom, and the vision, wrought)
 Oft' did she call on Death, as oft' decreed,
 Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
 To tell her awful father what had past;
 At length before the door herself she cast, 1015
 And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
 A passage to the love-sick god deny'd.

The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
 And sooth'd in softest words th' envenom'd maid;
 In vain he sooth'd; "Begone!" the maid replies, 1020
 "Or here I keep my seat, and never rise."

"Then keep thy seat for ever," cries the god,
 And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
 Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
 Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground; 1025
 Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
 And marble now appears in every nail,

As when a cancer in the body feeds,
 And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds,
 So does the chilness to each vital part 1030
 Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart,
 Till hard'ning every where, and speechless grown,
 She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone;
 But still her envious hue and sullen mien
 Are in the sedentary figure seen. 1035

Europa's Rape.

WHEN now the god his fury had allay'd,
 And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
 From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
 He mounts aloft, and reascends the skies.
 Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes, 1040
 And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
 Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
 And in soft whispers thus his will express'd.

“ My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
 “ Thy sire's commands are thro' the world convey'd,
 “ Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force, 1046
 “ And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course,
 “ There find a herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
 “ The neighb'ring hill, and drive 'em to the shore.”

Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent. 1050
 The trusty Hermes on his message went,
 And found the herd of heifers wand'ring o'er
 A neighb'ring hill, and drove 'em to the shore,

Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain. 1055

The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
The ruler of the skies, the thund'ring god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran, 1060
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung :
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unfully'd by the breath of southern skies ; 1065
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand ;
His eyeballs roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light ;
His ev'ry look was peaceful, and exprest 1070
The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight : 1075
At length she pluck'd the rising flow'rs, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighb'ring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand ; 1081

And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
 Comes tossing forward to the royal maid ;
 Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
 His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns. 1085
 In flow'ry wreaths the royal virgin drest
 His bending horns, and kindly clapp'd his breast,
 Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
 Not knowing that she press'd the Thunderer,
 She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode 1090
 O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
 Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas ;
 Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
 Now plunges in, and carries off the prize. 1095
 The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
 And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
 But still she holds him fast: one hand is borne
 Upon his back, the other grasps a horn ;
 Her train of ruffling garments flies behind, 1100
 Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Thro' storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
 And lands her safe on the Dictæan shore,
 Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
 In his true shape he captivates the maid, 1105
 Who gazes on him, and with wond'ring eyes
 Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
 His glowing features and celestial light,
 And all the god discover'd to her sight. 1109

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

The story of Cadmus.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
 He sent his son to search on ev'ry coast,
 And sternly bid him to his arms restore
 The darling maid, or see his face no more,
 But live an exile in a foreign clime. 5
 Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The restless youth search'd all the world around;
 But how can Jove in his amours be found?
 When tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
 To shun his angry sire and native soil, 10
 He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome,
 There asks the god what new-appointed home
 Should end his wand'rings and his toils relieve?
 The Delphic oracles this answer give.

"Behold among the fields a lonely cow, 15
 "Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
 "Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
 "There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
 "And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
 "In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand."

No sooner had he left the dark abode, 21
 Big with the promise of the Delphic god,

When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
 Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude;
 Her gently at a distance he pursu'd; 25
 And as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
 To the great pow'r whose counsels he obey'd.
 Her way thro' flow'ry Panopè she took,
 And now, Cephisus, cross'd thy silver brook,
 When to the heav'ns her spacious front she rais'd, 30
 And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
 On those behind, till on the destin'd place
 She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
 The new-found mountains and the nameless vales,
 And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye 36
 To see his new dominions round him lie,
 Then sends his servants to a neighb'ring grove
 For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.

O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood 40
 Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
 A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
 O'errun with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn;
 Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
 With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round. 45

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
 Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
 Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
 Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes;
 His tow'ring crest was glorious to behold, 50
 His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;

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Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
 His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
 The Tyrians in the den for water fought,
 And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault; 55
 From side to side their empty urns rebound,
 And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
 Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
 And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
 And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring
 eyes. 60

The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
 All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
 Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
 And gazing round him overlook'd the wood;
 Then floting on the ground in circles roll'd, 65
 Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
 Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size
 The Serpent in the Polar Circle lies,
 That stretches over half the northern skies.
 In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely, 70
 In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly;
 All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
 Some die entangled in the winding train;
 Some are devour'd, or feel a loathsome death,
 Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath. 75

And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
 In all its lustre, to the noonday sky,
 When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
 To search the woods th' impatient chief prepares.

A lion's hide around his loins he wore, 80
 The well-pois'd jav'lin to the field he bore,
 Inur'd to blood, the far-destroying dart,
 And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
 He saw his servants breathless on the grass; 85
 The scaly foe amidst their corpse' he view'd,
 Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.

"Such friends," he cries, "deserv'd a longer date;
 "But Cadmus will revenge, or share their fate:"
 Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw, 90
 He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe :

A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
 With all its lofty battlements had shook;
 But nothing here th' unwieldy rock avails,
 Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales, 95
 That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
 With native armour crusted all around :

With more success the dart unerring flew,
 Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
 Amid the plaited scales it took its course, 100
 And in the spinal marrow spent its force :
 The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
 And writh'd his body to and fro with pain,
 And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away;
 The point still buried in the marrow lay. 105

And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
 Reddens his eyes, and beats in ev'ry vein;

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Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
 Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
 Such as th' infernal Stygian waters cast; 110
 The plants around him wither in the blast.

Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
 Now all unravell'd, and without a fold;
 Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
 Bears down the forest in his boist'rous course. 115

Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
 Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
 The pointed jav'lin warded off his rage:

Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
 The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
 Till blood and venom all the point besmear; 121
 But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
 For whilst the champion with redoubled might
 Strikes home the jav'lin, his retiring foe
 Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.

The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke, 126
 And presses forward, till a knotty oak
 Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
 Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
 That in th' extended neck a passage found, 130
 And pierc'd the solid timber thro' the wound.
 Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
 Of his huge tail he lash'd the sturdy oak,
 Till spent with toil, and lab'ring hard for breath,
 He now lay twisting in the pangs of death. 135

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
 Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood ;
 When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
 (The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
 " Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see, 140
 " Insulting man ! what thou thyself shalt be ?"
 Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
 And all around with inward horror gaz'd ;
 When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
 Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise, 145
 Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
 The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground,
 Then tells the youth how to his wond'ring eyes
 Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He sows the teeth at Pallas's command, 150
 And flings the future people from his hand.
 The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows ;
 And now the pointed spears advance in rows ;
 Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
 Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts ; 155
 O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
 A growing host, a crop of men and arms !

So thro' the parting stage a figure rears
 Its body up, and limb by limb appears
 By just degrees, till all the man arise, 160
 And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus, surpris'd and startled at the sight
 Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight ;

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When one cry'd out, " Forbear, fond man! forbear
 " To mingle in a blind promiscuous war." 165

This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
 Himself expiring by another's wound ;

Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
 Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran thro' all the field, 170
 Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd ;

The furrows swam in blood ; and only five
 Of all the vast increase were left alive.

Echion one, at Pallas's command,
 Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand, 175

And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
 Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes ;

So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
 And gives his new Bœotian empire birth. 179

Here Cadmus reign'd ; and now one would have
 The royal founder in his exile blest'd : [guess'd

Long did he live within his new abodes,
 Ally'd by marriage to the deathless gods,

And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
 A long increase of children's children told : 185

But no frail man, however great or high,
 Can be concluded blest'd before he die.

Aetæon was the first of all his race,
 Who griev'd his grandsire in his borrow'd face ;

Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan 190
 The branching horns, and visage not his own ;

To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
 And from their huntsman to become their prey.
 And yet consider why the change was wrought,
 You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault; 195
 Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance;
 For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

The transformation of Actæon into a Stag.

IN a fair chase a shady mountain stood,
 Well-stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood:
 Here did the huntsmen, till the heat of day, 200
 Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
 When thus Actæon calling to the rest:
 "My friends," says he, "our sport is at the best:
 "The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
 "His burning beams directly on our heads; 205
 "Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
 "Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils,
 "And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
 "Take the cool morning to renew the chase."
 They all consent, and in a cheerful train 210
 The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
 Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale, with pine and cypress clad,
 Refresh'd with gentle winds and brown with shade,
 The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood 215
 Full in the centre of the darksome wood,
 A spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
 With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone;

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From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
 And, trickling, swell into a lake below. 220
 Nature had ev'ry where so play'd her part,
 That ev'ry where she seem'd to vie with Art:
 Here the bright goddesses, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
 Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort, 225
 Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
 Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
 Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil unty'd;
 Each busy nymph her proper part undress'd,
 While Crocalè, more handy than the rest, 230
 Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
 Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose:
 Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
 Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undress'd the shining goddesses stood, 235
 When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
 To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
 The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
 The frightened virgins shriek'd at the surprise,
 (The forest echo'd with their piercing cries) 240
 Then in a huddle round their goddesses press'd;
 She, proudly eminent above the rest,
 With blushes glow'd, such blushes as adorn
 The ruddy welkin or the purple morn;
 And tho' the crowding nymphs her body hide, 245
 Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.

Surpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
 But sees the circling waters round her flow;
 These in the hollow of her hand she took,
 And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke : 250
 " Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclos'd,
 " A goddess naked to thy view expos'd."

This said, the man begun to disappear
 By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.

A rising horn on either brow he wears, 255
 And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
 Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
 His bosom pants with fears before unknown.

Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
 And wonders why he flies away so fast : 260

But as by chance, within a neighb'ring brook,
 He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
 Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone

He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan ;
 And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass 265

He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
 Run trickling down a savage hairy face. }

What should he do? or seek his old abodes,
 Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods?
 Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
 And each by turns his akeing heart assails. 271

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
 His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries;
 A gen'rous pack, or to maintain the chase,
 Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass. 275

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He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
 O'er craggy mountains and the flow'ry plain;
 Thro' brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
 Thro' many a ring, where once he did pursue.
 In vain he oft' endeavour'd to proclaim 280
 His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
 Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
 From shouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
 Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries. }
 When now the fleetest of the pack, that press'd 285
 Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
 Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
 Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
 Till all the pack came up, and ev'ry hound 289
 Tore the sad huntsman grov'ling on the ground,
 Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound. }
 With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
 And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
 His servants with a piteous look he spies,
 And turns about his supplicating eyes. 295
 His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
 With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
 And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;
 He shook his head in answer to the name:
 He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone, 300
 Or only to have stood a looker-on:
 But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
 And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
 Their wretched master panting in a deer. }

The birth of Bacchus.

ACTÆON'S sufferings and Diana's rage 305
 Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage :
 Some call'd the evils which Diana wrought
 Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault ;
 Others, again, esteem'd Actæon's woes
 Fit for a virgin goddess to impose : 310
 The hearers into different parts divide,
 And reasons are produced on either side.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
 Nor would condemn the goddess nor excuse :
 She heeded not the justice of the deed, 315
 But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed ;
 For still she kept Europa in her mind,
 And for her sake detested all her kind.
 Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
 How Semelè, to Jove's embrace preferr'd, 320
 Was now grown big with an immortal load,
 And carry'd in her womb a future god.
 Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
 To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.

" Are my reproaches of so small a force ? 325
 " 'Tis time I then pursue another course :
 " It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
 " If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky ;
 " If rightly styl'd among the pow'rs above
 " The wife and sister of the thund'ring Jove, 330

" (And none can sure a sister's right deny)

" It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.

" She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;

" Pregnant she rises to a mother's name;

" While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,

" And shows the glorious tokens of his love; 336

" But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,

" By her own lover the fond beauty dies."

This said, descending in a yellow cloud,

Before the gates of Semelè she stood. 340

Old Beroë's decrepit shape she wears,

Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs,

Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,

And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.

The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd 345

With pleasing stories her false fosterchild.

Much did she talk of love, and when she came

To mention to the nymph her lover's name,

Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,

" 'Tis well," says she, " if all be true that's said; 350

" But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear

" Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.

" Many an honest well-designing maid

" Has been by these pretended gods betray'd;

" But if he be indeed the thund'ring Jove, 355

" Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,

" Descend triumphant from th' ethereal sky,

" In all the pomp of his divinity,

" Encompas'd round by those celestial charms
 " With which he fills th' immortal Juno's arms." 360

Th' unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
 Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
 To grant a certain gift which she would chuse ;
 " Fear not," reply'd the god, " that I'll refuse 364
 " Whate'er you ask : may Styx confirm my voice :
 " Chuse what you will, and you shall have your
 " choice."

" Then," says the nymph, " when next you seek my
 " May you descend in those celestial charms [arms,
 " With which your Juno's bosom you inflame, 369
 " And fill with transport heav'n's immortal dame."
 The god, surpris'd, would fain have stopp'd her voice;
 But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
 His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds,
 Whilst all around, in terrible array, 375
 His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play :
 And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
 He set not out in all his pomp and state,
 Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
 And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size ; 380
 Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
 Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain :
 'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight ;
 They call it thunder of a second rate :

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For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command 385
 Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
 Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
 And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
 Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
 Th' illustrious god, descending from his height,
 Came rushing on her in a storm of light. 391

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
 The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,
 Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
 And in the terrible embrace expir'd. 395

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
 Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
 And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
 Inclos'd th' abortive infant in his thigh:
 Here when the babe had all his time fulfill'd, 400
 Ino first took him for her fosterchild,
 Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
 Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

The transformation of Tiresias.

'Twas now, while these transactions pass'd on earth,
 And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth, 405
 When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
 Of public empire and the cares of state,
 As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
 "In troth," says he, (and as he spoke he laugh'd)
 "The sense of pleasure in the male is far 410
 "More dull and dead than what you females share."

Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
 Tiresias therefore must the cause decide,
 For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd.

It happen'd once, within a shady wood, 415
 Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd,
 When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
 And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke;
 But after seven revolving years he view'd

The self-same serpents in the self-same wood; 420

"And if," says he, "such virtue in you lie,

"That he who dares your slimy folds unty

"Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try."

Again he struck the snakes, and stood again

New sex'd, and straight recover'd into man. 425

Him therefore both the deities create

The sov'reign umpire in their grand debate;

And he declar'd for Jove; when Juno, fir'd

More than so trivial an affair requir'd,

Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight, 430

And left him groping round in sudden night:

But Jove (for so it is in heav'n decreed,

That no one god repeal another's deed).

Irradiates all his soul with inward light,

And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

The transformation of Echo.

FAM'D far and near for knowing things to come, 436

From him th' inquiring nations sought their doom;

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The fair Liriope his answers try'd,
 And first th' unerring prophet justify'd :
 This nymph the god Cephifus had abus'd, 440
 With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
 And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
 Whom the soft maids even then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, solicitous to know
 Whether her child should reach old age or no, 445
 Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
 " If ere he knows himself he surely dies."
 Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
 Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began, 450
 Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man ;
 Many a friend the blooming youth carefs'd,
 Many a love-sick maid her flame confests'd :
 Such was his pride, in vain the friend carefs'd,
 The love-sick maid in vain her flame confests'd. 455

Once in the woods as he pursu'd the chase,
 The babbling Echo had descry'd his face ;
 She who in others' words her silence breaks,
 Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.
 Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft, 460
 Of wonted speech ; for tho' her voice was left,
 Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
 To sport with ev'ry sentence in the close.
 Full often, when the goddess might have caught
 Jove and her rivals in the very fault, 465

This nymph with subtle stories would delay
 Her coming till the lovers slipp'd away.
 The goddess found out the deceit in time,
 And then she cry'd, "That tongue for this thy crime,
 "Which could so many subtle tales produce, 470
 "Shall be hereafter but of little use."

Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
 With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.

This love-sick virgin, overjoy'd to find
 The boy alone, still follow'd him behind, 475
 When glowing warmly at her near approach,
 As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
 She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
 And tell her pains, but had not words to tell :
 She can't begin, but waits for the rebound 480
 To catch his voice, and to return the sound.

The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
 Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
 Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
 In solitary caves and dark abodes, 485
 Where, pining, wander'd the rejected fair,
 Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
 The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
 Besides her bones and voice had nothing left :
 Her bones are petrify'd, her voice is found 490
 In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

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The story of Narcissus.

me,
470 THUS did the nymphs in vain carefs the boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy,
When one fair virgin of the slighted train 494 }
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain, }
" Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!" }
Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her pray'r.

475 There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud; 500
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unfully'd by the touch of men or beasts;
480 High bow'rs of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grafs and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place, 505
And overheated by the morning chaër,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies;
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries }
485 To quench his heat, he feels new heat arise; }
For as his own bright image he survey'd, 510
He fell in love with the fantastic shade,
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
490 The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead and the sparkling eyes, 515
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,

With all the purple youthfulness of face,
 That gently blushes in the wat'ry glafs:
 By his own flames consum'd the lover lies, 520
 And gives himself the wound by which he dies:
 To the cold water oft' he joins his lips,
 Oft' catching at the beauteous shade he dips
 His arms, as often from himself he slips;
 Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue 525
 With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
 What could, fond youth! this helpless passion move?
 What kindled in thee this unpy'd love?
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes, 530
 Its empty being on thyself relies,
 Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
 Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food,
 Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd. 535
 At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
 To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
 "You Trees!" says he, "and thou surrounding Grove!
 "Who oft' have been the kindly scenes of love,
 "Tell me if e'er within your shades did lie 540
 "A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd, as I?
 "I who before me see the charming fair,
 "Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:
 "In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost,
 "And yet no bulwark'd town nor distant coast 545

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" Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
 " No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
 520 " A shallow water hinders my embrace;
 " And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
 " That kindly smiles; and when I bend to join 550
 " My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
 " Hear, gentle youth! and pity my complaint,
 525 " Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant!
 " My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
 " O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd. 555
 " But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
 " With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
 530 " Whene'er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
 " And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his:
 " His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps, 560
 " He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps:
 " Whene'er I speak his moving lips appear
 535 " To utter something which I cannot hear.
 " Ah, wretched me! I now begin too late
 " To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit; 565
 " It is myself I love, myself I see;
 " The gay delusion is a part of me:
 540 " I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
 " And my own beauties from the well return.
 " Whom should I court? how utter my complaint?
 " Enjoyment but produces my restraint, 571
 " And too much plenty makes me die for want.
 " How gladly would I from myself remove,
 " And at a distance set the thing I love!

" My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire, 375
 " I wish him absent whom I most desire.
 " And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
 " In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
 " Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve :
 " O might the visionary youth survive, 380
 " I should with joy my latest breath resign!
 " But, oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine."

This said, the weeping youth again return'd
 To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
 His tears defac'd the surface of the well, 385
 With circle after circle as they fell :
 And now the lovely face but half appears,
 O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears :
 " Ah! whither," cries Narcissus, " dost thou fly?
 " Let me still feed the flame by which I die; 390
 " Let me still see, tho' I'm no further blest;"
 Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast;
 His naked bosom reddens with the blow,
 In such a blush as purple clusters show,
 Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine 395
 Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
 The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
 And with a new redoubled passion dies :
 As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
 And trickle into drops before the sun, 600
 So melts the youth, and languishes away,
 His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,

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And none of those attractive charms remain
To which the slighted Echo su'd in vain.

She saw him in his present misery, 605

Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see;

She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,

Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to ev'ry groan :

" Ah ! youth belov'd in vain," Narcissus cries;

" Ah ! youth belov'd in vain," the nymph replies. 610

" Farewell," says he : the parting sound scarce fell

From his faint lips, but she reply'd, " Farewell :"

Then on th' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,

Till Death shuts up those self-admiring eyes;

To the cold shades his sitting ghost retires, 615

And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn,

Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn :

And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn,

When, looking for his corpse, they only found 620

A rising stalk with yellow blossoms crown'd.

The story of Pentheus.

THIS sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,

Thro' Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.

Th' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride

The cheated people and their eyeless guide ; 625

To whom the prophet in his fury said,

Shaking the hoary honours of his head,

" 'Twere well, presumptuous man ! 'twere well for thee

" If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me ;

" For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here, 630
 " When the young god's solemnities appear,
 " Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn, }
 " Thy impious carcass, into pieces torn, }
 " Shall strew the woods, and hang on ev'ry thorn. }
 " Then, then, remember what I now foretell, 635
 " And own the blind Tiresias saw too well."
 Still Pentheus scorns him and derides his skill,
 But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil :
 For now thro' prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
 Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god. 640
 All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
 To mingle in the pomps and fill the train,
 When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd ;
 " What madness, Thebanis, has your souls possess'd ?
 " Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout, 645
 " And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
 " Thus quell your courage ? can the weak alarm
 " Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
 " Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
 " Nor the loud din and horror of a fight ? 650
 " And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
 " And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods,
 " Will you without a stroke your city yield,
 " And poorly quit an undisputed field ?
 " But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire 655
 " Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
 " Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
 " Not flow'ry garlands and a painted face,

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" Remember him to whom you stand ally'd ;
 " The serpent for his well of waters dy'd : 660
 " He fought the strong ; do you his courage show,
 " And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
 " If Thebes must fall, oh might the Fates afford
 " A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword !
 " Then might the Thebans perish with renown ; 665
 " But now a beardless victor sacks the town,
 " Whom nor the prancing steed nor pond'rous shield,
 " Nor the hack'd helmet nor the dusty field,
 " But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
 " The purple vests and flow'ry garlands please. 670
 " Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
 " Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
 " Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd
 " This boasted pow'r ; why then should Pentheus yield ?
 " Go quickly ; drag th' impostor boy to me ; 675
 " I'll try the force of his divinity."

Thus did th' audacious wretch those rites profane,
 His friends dissuade the audacious wretch in vain ;
 In vain his grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
 His impious threats ; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide, 681
 In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide,
 But if with dams its current we restrain,
 It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
 Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god ; 686

The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The mariners transformed to Dolphins.

HIM Pentheus view'd with fury in his look, 689
And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he spoke:
" Vile Slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
" And terrify thy base seditious crew,
" Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
" And why thou join'st in these mad orgies tell."

The captive views him with undaunted eyes, 695
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.

" From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
" Of poor descent, Acætes is my name :
" My sire was meanly born ; no oxen plow'd
" His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd : 700
" His whole estate within the waters lay ;
" With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
" His art was all his livelihood, which he
" Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me ; 704
" In streams, my Boy, and rivers, take thy chance ;
" There swims," said he, " thy whole inheritance.

" Long did I live on this poor legacy,
" Till tir'd with rocks and my own native sky,
" To arts of navigation I inclin'd,
" Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind, 710
" Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
" The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,

“ The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,

“ With all the sailor’s catalogue of stars.

“ Once, as by chance for Delos I design’d, 715

“ My vessel, driv’n by a strong gust of wind,

“ Moor’d in a Chian creek ; ashore I went,

“ And all the following night in Chios spent.

“ When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring

“ Supplies of water from a neighb’ring spring, 720

“ Whilst I the motion of the winds explor’d,

“ Then summon’d in my crew, and went aboard.

“ Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy

“ Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,

“ With more than female sweetness in his look, 725

“ Whom straggling in the neighb’ring fields he took ;

“ With fumes of wine the little captive glows,

“ And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.

“ I view’d him nicely, and began to trace

“ Each heav’nly feature, each immortal grace,

“ And saw divinity in all his face. 731

“ I know not who,” said I, “ this god should be,

“ But that he is a god I plainly see ;

“ And thou, whoe’er thou art, excuse the force

“ These men have us’d, and, oh, befriend our course !”

“ Pray not for us,” the nimble Dictys cry’d, 736

“ Dictys, that could the main-topmast bestride,

“ And down the ropes with active vigour slide :

“ To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,

“ Who overlook’d the oars, and tim’d the stroke,

- " The same the pilot, and the same the rest ; 741
 " Such impious avarice their souls possess :
 " Nay, Heav'n forbid that I should bear away
 " Within my vessel so divine a prey,
 " Said I, and stood to hinder their intent ; 743 }
 " When Lycabas, a wretch, for murder sent
 " From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
 " With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
 " Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.
 " His base confederates the fact approve, 750
 " When Bacchus (for 'twas he) begun to move,
 " Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd,
 " And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd.
 " What means this noise ?" he cries ; " am I betray'd ?
 " Ah ! whither, whither must I be convey'd ?" 755
 " Fear not," said Proteus, " child, but tell us where
 " You wish to land, and trust our friendly care."
 " To Naxos then direct your course," says he ;
 " Naxos a hospitable port shall be }
 " To each of you, a joyful home to me." 760 }
 " By ev'ry god that rules the sea or sky,
 " The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
 " And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
 " With eager joy I launch into the deep,
 " And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand : 765
 " They whisper oft', and beckon with the hand,
 " And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
 " To tack about and steer another way.

741 "Then let some other to my post succeed,

"Said I, I'm guiltless of so foul a deed." 770

"What," says Ethalion, "must the ship's whole crew

"Follow your humour, and depend on you?"

"And straight himself he seated at the prore,

"And tack'd about, and sought another shore.

"The beauteous youth now found himself be-

tray'd, 775

"And from the deck the rising wave survey'd,

"And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said;

"And do you thus my easy faith beguile?

"Thus do you bear me to my native isle?

"Will such a multitude of men employ 780

"Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?"

"In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,

"The more I begg'd they thwarted me the more.

"And now by all the gods in heav'n that hear

"This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self I swear, 785

"The mighty miracle that did ensue,

"Altho' it seems beyond belief, is true.

"The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,

"Unmov'd by all the beating billows, stood:

"In vain the mariners would plough the main 790

"With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;

"Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,

"And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves;

"The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,

"And berries in the fruitful canvass seen; 795

" Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
 " Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
 " The god we now behold with open'd eyes;
 " A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
 " In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread 800
 " On his fair brows, and dangle on his head;
 " And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
 " My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
 " Leap'd overboard. First perj'ur'd Madon found
 " Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround:
 " Ah! what," cries one, " has thus transform'd thy
 look?" 806
 " Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke,
 " And now himself he views with like surprise.
 " Still at his oar th' industrious Libys plies,
 " But as he plies each busy arm shrinks in, 810
 " And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
 " Another, as he catches at a cord,
 " Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
 " With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
 " The rising surge, and flounces in the waves. 815
 " Thus all my crew, transform'd around the ship,
 " Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
 " And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep. }
 " Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
 " A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play; 820
 " I only in my proper shape appear,
 " Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,

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" 'Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more ;
 " With him I landed on the Chian shore,
 " And him shall ever gratefully adore. 825 }
 " This forging slave," says Pentheus, " would pre-
 " O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale ; [vail
 " Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
 " And in the tortures of the rack expire."
 Th' officious servants hurry him away, 830
 And the poor captive in a dungeon lay ;
 But whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
 The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd !
 At liberty th' unfetter'd captive stands,
 And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands. 835

The death of Pentheus.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
 Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
 But went himself to the distracted throng,
 Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song ;
 And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground, 840
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound,
 Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
 And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.
 A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 Level and wide, and skirted round with wood ; 845
 Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
 The howling dames and mystic orgies spies :
 His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
 And kindled into madness as she view'd,

Her leafy jav'lin at her son she cast, 850
 And cries, "The boar that lays our country waste!
 "The boar, my Sisters! aim the fatal dart,
 "And strike the brindled monster to the heart."

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
 And sees the yelling matrons gath'ring round; 855
 He sees and weeps at his approaching fate,
 And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
 "Help, help! my aunt Autonoe," he cry'd;
 "Remember how your own Actæon dy'd."
 Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops 860
 One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops;
 In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
 And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:
 His mother howl'd, and, heedless of his pray'r,
 Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair, 865
 "And this," she cry'd "shall be Agavè's share." }
 When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
 And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
 With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey,
 Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away, }
 As starting in the pangs of death it lay. 871 }

Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
 Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
 With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
 And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain. 875
 By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
 The Thebans tremble, and confess the god. 877

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OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

The story of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams,
Softens the body and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th' effect is known.

The Naiads nurs'd an infant heretofore, 5
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore :
From both th' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd ; nor was it hard to trace }
Both the bright parents thro' the infant's face. }
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat, 10
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil ;
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he crost,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast; 15
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light, }
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight : }
The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes nor the spiky reeds, 20
But dealt enriching moisture all around, }
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd, }
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.

A nymph presides, not practis'd in the chase,
 Nor skilful at the bow nor at the race, 25
 Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the Main,
 The only stranger to Diana's train:
 Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
 "Fy! Salmacis, what, always idle? fy!"
 "Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize, 30
 "And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease."
 Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease,
 But oft' would bathe her in the crystal tide,
 Oft' with a comb her dewy locks divide: 35
 Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
 And dress'd her image in the floating glass:
 On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
 Now gather'd flow'rs that grew about her streams,
 And then by chance was gath'ring, as she stood 40
 To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.
 Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
 She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
 Before her looks were set with nicest care,
 And well deserv'd to be reputed fair. 45
 "Bright Youth!" she cries, "whom all thy features
 "A god, and, if a god, the god of Love; [prove
 "But if a mortal, bless'd thy nurse's breast,
 "Bless'd are thy parents, and thy sisters blest;
 "But, oh, how bless'd! how more than bless'd! thy bride,
 "Ally'd in bliss, if any yet ally'd: 55

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" If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be ;

" If not, behold a willing bride in me." [shame,

The boy knew nought of love, and, touch'd with
He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became ; 55

In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose ;

The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,

And such the moon, when all her silver white

Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.

The nymph still begs if not a nobler bliss, 60

A cold salute at least, a sister's kiss ;

And now prepares to take the lovely boy

Between her arms. He, innocently coy,

Replies, " Or leave me to myself alone,

" You rude uncivil nymph ! or I'll be gone." 65

" Fair Stranger ! then," says she, " it shall be so ;"

And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go ;

But hid within a covert's neighb'ring green,

She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.

The boy now fancies all the danger o'er, 70

And innocently sports about the shore ;

Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,

And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.

The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste

His airy garments on the banks he cast ; 75

His godlike features and his heav'nly hue,

And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.

His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,

While hotter passions in her bosom rise,

Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes. 80 }

She longs, she burns, to clasp him in her arms,
And looks and sighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undress'd upon the banks he stood,
And clapp'd his sides, and leap'd into the flood;
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide, 85
His limbs appear more lovely thro' the tide,
As lilies shut within a crystal case
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.

"He's mine, he's all my own!" the Naiad cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies. 90
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clasp'd and kiss'd the struggling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high 95
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love. 100
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwin'd,
"And why, coy youth!" she cries, "why thus un- }
"Oh, may the gods thus keep us ever join'd! [kind! }
"Oh, may we never, never part again!"
So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain; 105
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast,
Till piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:

Last in one face are both their faces join'd, 110 }
 As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd }
 Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind : }
 Both bodies in a single body mix,
 A single body with a double sex.

The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd 115
 The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd,
 (He pray'd, but wonder'd at his foster tone,
 Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)

" You parent gods, whose heav'nly names I bear,
 " Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r; 120
 " Oh! grant that whomsoe'er these streams contain, }
 " If man he enter'd, he may rise again }
 " Supple, unfinew'd, and but half a man!" }

The heav'nly parents answer'd from on high
 Their two-shap'd son, the double votary, 125
 Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
 And ting'd its source to make his withes good. 127

HORACE, BOOK III. ODE III.

AUGUSTUS had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire : having closetted several Senators on the project, Horace is supposed to have written the following Ode on this occasion.

THE man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
 Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
 May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
 Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
 The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles, 5
 And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
 And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
 Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
 The stubborn virtue of his soul can move, 10
 Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
 That flings the thunder from the sky,
 And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
 In ruin and confusion hurl'd, 15
 He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
 And stand secure amidst a falling world.

Such were the godlike arts that led
 Bright Pollux to the blest'd abodes;
 Such did for great Alcides plead, 20
 And gain'd a place among the gods,
 Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
 And to his lips the nectar bowl applies ;

His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow. 25

By arts like these did young Lyæus rise,
His tigers drew him to the skies;
Wild from the desert, and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd; 30
He tam'd 'em to the lash, and bent 'em to the yoke.

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god. 35

Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus th' assembled deities bespoke.

“Troy,” says the goddess, “perjur'd Troy, has
“The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt; [felt
“The tow'ring pile and soft abodes, 40
“Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
“Now spreads its ruins all around;
“And lies inglorious on the ground;
“An umpire, partial and unjust,
“And a lewd woman's impious lust, 45
“Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.”

“Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
“That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,
“Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
“Nor would the fierce invading foe repel; 50
“To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
“The guilty king and the whole people fell.

" And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
 " The soft adult'rer shines no more ;
 " No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield, 55
 " That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the
 " My vengeance fated, I at length resign [field.
 " To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line :
 " Advanc'd to godhead let him rise,
 " And take his station in the skies, 60
 " There entertain his ravish'd sight
 " With scenes of glory, fields of light,
 " Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
 " And see adoring nations crowd his shrine.
 " The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host 65
 " In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
 " And flourish on a foreign coast,
 " But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
 " Remov'd by seas from the disastrous shore,
 " May endless billows rise between, and storms un-
 " number'd roar. 70
 " Still let the curs'd detested place,
 " Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
 " Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass : }
 " There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray,
 " Or, while the lonely shepherd sings, 75
 " Amidst the mighty ruins play,
 " And frisk upon the tombs of kings.
 " May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
 " Sad solitary haunts and silent deserts find ;

- " In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces, 80
 " May th' unmolested lioness
 " Her brinded whelps securely lay,
 " Or, couch'd, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
 " While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
 " Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise; 85
 " Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
 " Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
 " In vain the sea's intruding tide
 " Europe from Afric shall divide,
 " And part the sever'd world in two: 90
 " Thro' Afric's sands their triumphs they shall spread,
 " And the long train of victories pursue
 " To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.
 " Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
 " And look on gold with undesiring eyes, 95
 " Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
 " In search of the forbidden ore;
 " Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
 " Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
 " To the last bounds that Nature sets, 100
 " The piercing colds and sultry heats,
 " The godlike race shall spread their arms,
 " Now fill the Pollar Circle with alarms,
 " Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine,
 " Now sweat for conquest underneath the Line. 105
 " This only law the victor shall restrain,
 " On these conditions shall he reign;

- " If none his guilty hand employ
 " To build again a second Troy,
 " If none the rash design pursue, 110
 " Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
 " A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
 " That shall the new foundations rase;
 " Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
 " To storm the rising town with fire, 115
 " And at their army's head myself will show
 " What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
 " Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise
 " And line it round with walls of brass,
 " Thrice should my fav'rite Greeks his works con-
 " found, 120
 " And hew the shining fabric to the ground ;
 " Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
 " And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands
 " mourn."

But hold, my Muse, forbear thy tow'ring flight,
 Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light ; 125
 In vain would thy presumptuous verse
 Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse ;
 The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
 Forget their majesty, and lose their sound. 129

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A TRANSLATION OF ALL

VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC,

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

110 **E**THEREAL sweets shall next my Muse engage,
 And this, Mæcenas, claims your patronage ;
 115 Of little creatures wondrous acts I treat,
 The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
 Their laws, employments, and their wars, relate : }
 A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
 Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
 If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
 120 Join in the piece, and make the work divine.

First, for your bees a proper station find, 10
 That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind,
 For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
 The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
 Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
 125 To trample under foot the springing flowers ; 15
 Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
 To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass :
 Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
 129 Nor woodpecks, nor the swallow, harbour near ;
 They waste the swarms, and as they fly along 20
 Convey the tender morsels to their young.

Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss,
 And shallow rills run trickling thro' the grass ;

Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
 Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below, 25
 That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
 The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
 Refreshing springs may tempt 'em from the heat,
 And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighb'ring water stands or runs, 30
 Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones,
 That if rough storms or sudden blasts of wind
 Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
 Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
 And dry their reeking pinions at the sun. 35
 Plant all the flow'ry banks with lavender,
 With store of sav'ry scent the fragrant air,
 Let running betony the field o'erspread,
 And fountains soke the violet's dewy bed.

Tho' barks or plaited willows make your hive, 40
 A narrow inlet to their cells contrive,
 For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
 And melted down with heat the waxen buildings drop.
 The bees, of both extremes alike afraid,
 Their wax around the whistling crannies spread, 45
 And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs
 To smear the chinks, and plaster up the pores:
 For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops
 Like pitch or birdlime hang in stringy ropes.
 They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell, 50
 And work in subterraneous caves their cell;

At other times th' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd; 55
But let no baleful yew-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire,
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire,
Nor neighb'ring caves return the dying sound,
Nor echoing rocks the doubled voice rebound. 60
Things thus prepar'd——

When th' under world is seiz'd with cold and night,
And summer here descends in streams of light,
The bees thro' woods and forests take their flight;
They rise ev'ry flow'r, and lightly skim 65
The crystal brook, and sip the running stream;
And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding wax and work the slimy sweet.
But when on high you see the bees repair,
Borne on the wind thro' distant tracts of air, 70
And view the winged cloud all black'ning from afar,
While shady coverts and fresh steams they chuse,
Milfoil and common honeysuckles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juice;
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound, 75
And shake the cymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their cell.

If once two rival kings their right debate,
And factions and cabals embroil the state, 80

The people's actions will their thoughts declare;
 All their hearts tremble, and beat thick with war;
 Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpets' harsh alarms,
 Run thro' the hive, and call 'em to their arms;
 All in a hurry spread their shiv'ring wings, 85
 And fit their claws, and point their angry stings;
 In crowds before the king's pavilion meet,
 And boldly challenge out the foe to fight!
 At last, when all the heav'ns are warm and fair, }
 They rush together out, and join; the air 90 }
 Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war. }
 All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
 With heaps of little corps the earth below
 As thick as hailstones from the floor rebound,
 Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground. 95
 No sense of danger can their kings control,
 Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul;
 Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
 Till shameful flight secures the routed foe:
 This hot dispute, and all this mighty fray, 100
 A little dust flung upward will allay.

But when both kings are settled in their hive,
 Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
 Idle at home in ease and luxury,
 The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die; 105
 So let the royal insect rule alone,
 And reign without a rival in his throne.

The kings are diff'rent; one of better note,
 All speck'd with gold, and many a shining spot,
 Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat; 110
 But love of ease and sloth in one prevails,

That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails.

The people's looks are diff'rent as their kings;

Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;

Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,

Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth 116

Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.

The first are best——

From their o'erflowing combs you'll often press

Pure luscious sweets that, mingling in the glass, 120

Correct the harshness of the racy juice,

And a rich flavour thro' the wine diffuse:

But when they sport abroad and rove from home,

And leave the cooling hive, and quit th' unfinish'd

Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd; [comb,

Clip their kings' wings, and if they stay behind 126

No bold usurper dares invade their right,

Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.

Let flow'ry banks entice 'em to their cells,

And gardens all perfum'd with native smells, 130

Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,

The robber's terror, and the scarecrow god.

Wild thyme and pine-trees from their barren hill

Transplant, and nurse 'em in the neighb'ring soil;

Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth, 135

But water 'em, and urge their shady growth.

And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
 And striking sail, and making to the shore,
 I'd shew what art the gard'ner's toils require,
 Why rosy pæstum blushes twice a-year, 140
 What streams the verdant succory supply,
 And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
 What with a cheerful green does parsley grace,
 And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted
 Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er, [grafs;
 Ivy nor myrtle-trees, that love the shore; 146
 Nor daffodils, that late from earth's slow womb
 Unrumples their swollen buds, and show their yellow
 For once I saw in the Tarentine vale, [bloom.
 Where slow Galefus drencht the washy foil, 150
 An old Corician yeoman, who had got
 A few neglected acres to his lot,
 Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
 Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield, 154
 But fav'ry herbs among the thorns were found,
 Vervain and poppy-flow'rs his garden crown'd,
 And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground. }
 Bless'd with these riches he could empires slight,
 And when he rested from his toils at night,
 The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford, 160
 And his own garden furnish out his board.
 The spring did first his opening roses blow,
 First rip'ning autumn bent his fruitful bough:
 When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
 And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run, 165

He then would prune the tend'rest of his trees,
 Chide the late spring and ling'ring western breeze;
 His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
 With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
 Here lindons and the sappy pine increas'd; 170
 Here, when gay flow'rs his smiling orchard drefs'd,
 As many blossoms as the spring could show,
 So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
 In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
 And thorns ennobled now to bear a plum, 175
 And spreading plane-trees, where, supinely laid,
 He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade:
 But these for want of room I must omit,
 And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare, 180
 Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
 Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
 Lodg'd in a cave th'almighty babe they found,
 And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground. }

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air 185
 These only make their young the public care;
 In well-dispos'd societies they live,
 And laws and statutes regulate their hive,
 Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd abroad,
 But know set stations, and a fix'd abode: 190
 Each, provident of cold, in summer flies
 Thro' fields and woods, to seek for new supplies,
 And in the common stock unlades his thighs. }

Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
 Taste ev'ry bud, and suck each blossom dry; 195
 Whilst others, lab'ring in their cells at home,
 Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
 For the first groundwork of the golden comb;
 On this they found their waxen works, and raise
 The yellow fabric on its glewy base. 200

Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
 With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
 Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
 And into purest honey work the juice,
 Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell 205
 With luscious nectar ev'ry flowing cell.

By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
 Survey the heav'ns, and search the clouded skies,
 To find out breeding storms, and tell what tem-
 pests rise;

By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive 210
 The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive;
 The work is warmly ply'd thro' all the cells,
 And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.

So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
 When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge they
 beat, 215

And all th' unshapen thunderbolt complete;
 Alternately their hammers rise and fall,
 Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball;
 With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
 And some in waters dip the hissing mass; 220

Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound;
And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.

Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busy swarms their diff'rent labours share:

Desire of profit urges all degrees;

The aged insects, by experience wise,

Attend the comb, and fashion ev'ry part,

And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:

The young at night, returning from their toils,

Bring home their thighs clogg'd with the meadows'

On lavender and saffron buds they feed, [spoils:

On bending osiers and the balmy reed;

From purple violets and the teile they bring

Their gather'd sweets, and rise all the spring.

All work together, all together rest:

The morning still renews their labours past;

Then all rush out, their diff'rent tasks pursue,

Sit on the bloom, and suck the rip'ning dew.

Again, when ev'ning warns 'em to their home,

With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,

And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum:

Into their cells at length they gently creep,

There all the night their peaceful station keep,

Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.

None range abroad when winds and storms are nigh,

Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,

But make small journies with a careful wing,

And fly to water at a neighb'ring spring;

And, lest their airy bodies should be cast
 In restless whirls, the sport of ev'ry blast, 250
 They carry stones to poise 'em in their flight,
 As ballast keeps th' unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the bees can boast,
 'Tis this may challenge admiration most,
 That none will Hymen's softer joys approve, 255
 Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
 But all a long virginity maintain,
 And bring forth young without a mother's pain :
 From herbs and flow'rs they pick each tender bee,
 And cull from plants a buzzing progeny ; 260
 From these they chuse out subjects, and create
 A little monarch of the rising state,
 Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
 And form a palace for his residence.

But often in their journies, as they fly, 265 }
 On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie }
 Grov'ling beneath their flow'ry load, and die. }
 Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
 And in a fly such gen'rous thoughts inspire.
 Yet by repeopling their decaying state, 270
 Tho' sev'n short springs conclude their vital date,
 Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
 And in an endless race their children's children reign.

No prostrate vassel of the East can more
 With slavish fear his mighty prince adore ; 275
 His life unites 'em all ; but when he dies,
 All in loud tumults and distractions rise ;

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They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in ev'ry place.

Him all admire, all the great guardian own, 280

And crowd about his courts, and buz about his throne.

Oft' on their backs their weary prince they bear,

Oft' in his cause embattled in the air,

Pursue a glorious death in wounds and war.

Some from such instances as these have taught 285

"The bees' extract is heav'nly; for they thought

"The universe alive; and that a soul,

"Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,

"To all the vast unbounded frame was given,

"And ran thro' earth, and air, and sea, and all the
deep of heav'n; 290

"That this first kindled life in man and beast,

"Life that again flows into this at last;

"That no compounded animal could die,

"But when dissolv'd the spirit mounted high,

"Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky." 295

Whene'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,

And take the liquid labours of the bees,

Spirit draughts of water from your mouth, and drive

A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flow'ry toils begin, 300

And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;

Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,

And add fresh lustre to the summer skies,

And once when, hast'ning from the wat'ry sign,

They quit their station, and forbear to shine. 305

The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound :
Their venom'd sting produces aching pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.

When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive, 310
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away ; 315
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones, that riot on another's toils ;
Oft' broods of moths infest the hungry swarms, }
And oft' the furious wasp their hive alarms }
With louder hums, and with unequal arms ; 320 }
Or else the spider at the entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.

When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all th' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen, 325
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin ;
Their fun'ral rites are form'd, and ev'ry bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity ;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door, 330
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold ;
In drawling hums the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo thro' the hive,

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Like winds that softly murmur thro' the trees, 335

Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.

Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,

In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums

Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.

Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat, 340

And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.

Mix juice of galls and wine, that grow in time

Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;

To these dry'd roses, thyme, and cent'ry, join,

And raisins ripen'd on the Pfythian vine. 345

Besides, there grows a flow'r in marshy ground,

Its name Amellus, easy to be found;

A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves

The sprouting stalk, and shews itself in leaves;

The flow'r itself is of a golden hue, 350

The leaves inclining to a darker blue;

The leaves shoot thick about the flow'r, and grow

Into a bush, and shade the turf below;

The plant in holy garlands often twines

The altar's posts, and beautifies the shrines; 355

Its taste is sharp; in vales new-shorn it grows,

Where Mella's stream in wat'ry mazes flows;

Take plenty of its roots. and boil 'em well

In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive, 360

To raise new people and recruit the hive,

I'll here the great experiment declare
 That spread th' Arcadian shepherd's name so far,
 How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
 And swarms amidst the red corruption bred. 365

For where th' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
 Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
 Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
 Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' soil,
 Till into seven it multiplies its stream, 370
 And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime,
 In this last practice all their hope remains,
 And long experience justifies their pains.

First, then, a close contracted space of ground,
 With straiten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
 A narrow shelving light is next assign'd 376
 To all the quarters, one to every wind;
 Thro' these the glancing rays obliquely pierce;
 Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
 When two-years growth of horn he proudly shows,
 And shakes the comely terrors of his brows : 381
 His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
 They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
 With violence to life and stifling pain
 He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain; 385
 Loud heavy blows fall thick on every side,
 Till his bruised bowels burst within the hide.
 When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
 With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around.

All this is done when first the western breeze 390
 Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas,
 Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
 Or fields in Spring's embroidery are drest.
 Mean-while the tainted juice ferments within,
 And quickens as it works: and now are seen 395
 A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls
 Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
 No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
 At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
 Now strikes the air with quiv'ring wings, and tries
 To lift its body up, and learns to rise; 401
 Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
 Full grown, and all the bee at length appears:
 From every side the fruitful carcass pours
 Its swarming brood as thick as summer-show'rs, 405
 Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
 When twanging strings first shoot'em on the foci.

Thus have I sung the nature of the bee,
 While Cæsar, tow'ring to divinity,
 The frightened Indians with his thunder aw'd, 410
 And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god:
 I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
 Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
 I who before the songs of shepherds made,
 When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
 And set my Tityrus beneath his shade. 416

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED,

IN A TRANSLATION OF A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD
ÆNEID.

Lost in the gloomy horrors of the night
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hov'ring in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or flings a broken rock aloft in air:
'The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench, and smoke. 10

'Tis said that thunder-struck Enceladus,
Groveling beneath th' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames,
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs, 15
A sudden earthquake shoots thro' all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.

Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd, 20
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep lowering o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom

Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray, 25
 And shaded all beneath. But now the sun
 With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
 From earth and heav'n; all Nature stood disclos'd;
 When looking on the neighb'ring woods we saw
 The ghastly visage of a man unknown, 30
 An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
 Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
 Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
 With marks of famine, speaking sore distress
 His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard 35
 Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.

He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
 Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
 Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpris'd;
 But soon recov'ring speed, he ran, he flew 40
 Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
 Our ears assail'd: "By Heav'n's eternal fires,
 "By ev'ry god that sits enthron'd on high,
 "By this good light, relieve a wretch forlorn,
 "And bear me hence to any distant shore, 45
 "So I may shun this savage race accurst.
 "'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
 "With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
 "And laid the labour of the gods in dust;
 "For which, if so the sad offence deserves, 50
 "Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie

" Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom,

" Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd."

He ended here, and now, profuse of tears,

In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet : 55

We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,

And how by stress of fortune sunk this low.

Anchises, too, with friendly aspect mild

Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;

When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale. 60

" I'm one," says he, " of poor descent, my name

" Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,

" Ulysses' sad compeer, who, whilst he fled

" The raging Cyclops, left me here behind

" Disconsolate, forlorn; within the cave 65

" He left me, Giant Polypheme's dark cave;

" A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls

" On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung

" With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,

" His dire repast: himself of mighty size, 70

" Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,

" Intractable, that riots on the flesh

" Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.

" Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp

" Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man; 75

" I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway

" He dash'd and broke 'em on the grundfil edge;

" The pavement swam in blood, the walls around

" Were spatter'd o'er with brains : he lap'd the blood,
 " And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life, 80
 " That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth
 " As sensible of pain. Not less, mean-while,
 " Our chief incens'd, and studious of revenge,
 " Plots his destruction, which he thus effects :
 " The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
 " Lay stretch'd at length and snoring in his den, 86
 " Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'er-charg'd
 " With purple wine and cruddled gore confus'd :
 " We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
 " The single eye that in his forehead glar'd 90
 " Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
 " A forky staff we dext'rously apply'd,
 " Which in the spacious socket turning round,
 " Scoop'd out the big round gelly from its orb.
 " But let me not thus interpose delays ; 95
 " Fly, Mortals ! fly this curs'd detested race ;
 " A hundred of the same stupendous size,
 " A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
 " Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
 " With horrid strides o'er the high mountains' tops,
 " Enormous in their gait ; I oft' have heard 100
 " Their voice and tread, oft' seen 'em as they pass,
 " Sculking and scowring down, half dead with fear.
 " Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
 " Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn, 105

" The realms of Night inglorious, since I've liv'd
 " Amidst these woods, gleanings from thorns and
 " A wretched sustenance." As thus he spoke, [shrubs
 We saw descending from a neighb'ring hill
 Blind Polypheme : by weary steps and slow 111
 The groping giant with a trunk of pine
 Explor'd his way ; around his woolly flocks
 Attended grazing ; to the well-known shore
 He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
 A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd : 115
 Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
 The spacious hollow where his eyeball roll'd,
 A ghastly orifice ; he rins'd the wound,
 And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
 That cak'd within ; then stalking thro' the deep 120
 He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
 Scarce reaches up his middle side : we stood
 Amaz'd be sure ; a sudden horror chill
 Ran thro' each nerve, and thrill'd in ev'ry vein,
 Till using all the force of winds and oars 125
 We sped away : he heard us in our course,
 And with his outstretch'd arms around him grop'd,
 But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd
 Such hideous shouts, that all the ocean shook ;
 Ev'n Italy, tho' many a league remote, 130
 In distant echoes answer'd ; Ætna roar'd,
 Thro' all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.

Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
 Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
 And gather round the bellowing Polypheme, 135
 A dire assembly! we with eager haste
 Work ev'ry one, and from afar behold
 A host of giants covering all the shore.

So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
 Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller 140
 Hears from the humble valley where he rides
 The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
 Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
 The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
 A stately prospect, waving in the clouds. 145

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